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LOOK AT THE CLOCK

HUBERT BATH

LOOK AT THE CLOCK

A WELSH RHAPSODY

FOR CHORUS, SOLI (TENOR AND CONTRALTO),
AND ORCHESTRA

WORDS BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY

MUSIC BY

HUBERT BATH

PRICE 2/6 NET CASH
($1.00)

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LOOK AT THE CLOCK

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M902719

LOOK AT THE CLOCK

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY

(*Contralto Solo.*)

"Look at the Clock!" quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,
Then paus'd to give him a piece of advice,
"You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock!
Is this the way, you Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vow'd to love and obey you?—
Out all night! Me in a fright;
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxified brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

CHORUS.
(*Soprano and Contralto.*)

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoat green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tuck'd through the pocket-holes;
A face like a ferret Betoken'd her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

CHORUS.
(*Tenor and Bass.*)

Now David Pryce Had one darling vice;
Remarkably partial to anything nice,
Nought that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!
Especially ale— If it was not too stale
We really believe he'd have emptied a pail;
Not that in Wales They talk of their Ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

FULL CHORUS.

That particular day, As we've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,
The whole afternoon, at the Goat-in-Boots,
With a couple more soakers, Thoroughbred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers
And, long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in repose,
They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar hydd y nos;"
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,

(*Tenor Solo.*)

Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the Moon!
What have we with day to do?
Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!"

FULL CHORUS.

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door:
And then came that knock. And the sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock!"
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

DUET.

(*Tenor and Contralto.*)

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick;
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
So he threw it, instead, Direct at her head;
It knock'd off her hat; Down she fell flat;
Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that:
But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain,
Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,
We can't say for certain,—but *this* we can,
When sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne!

CHORUS.

And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

(*Tenor Solo.*)

Mr. Pryce to commence His "ingenious defence,"
Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's "good sense:"
The unlucky lick From the end of his stick
He "deplored,"—he was "apt to be rather too quick;"—
But, really, her prating Was so aggravating:
Some trifling correction was just what he meant; all
The rest, he assured them, was "quite accidental!"

CHORUS.

Then he calls Mr. Jones, Who depones to her tones,
And her gestures, and hints about "breaking his bones."
While Mr. Ap Morgan, and Mr. Ap Rhys
Declared the Deceased Had styled him "a Beast,"
And swear they had witness'd, with grief and surprise,
An allusion she made to his limbs and his eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,
Return'd about half-past eleven at night
The following verdict, "We find, *Serve he right!*"

CHORUS.

(*With Tenor and Contralto Soli.*)

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely, and moped; and one evening he said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

Not far from his dwelling, From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; it's name you'll excuse me from telling,
Its first syllable "PEN," Is pronounceable;—then
Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N,
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "PEN."

Well—the moon shone bright Upon "PEN" that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
Was scaling its side With that sort of stride
A man puts out when walking in search of a bride.
Mounting higher and higher, He began to perspire,
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling oppress't By a pain in his chest,
He paus'd, and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest.

O'er fell, oe'r fen, Over mountain and glen,
All bright in the moonshine, his eyes roved, and then
All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd been taught
Of her Heroes of old, So brave and so bold,—
Of her Bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold.

He thought upon Arthur, and Merlin of yore,
On Gryffith ap Conan, and Owen Glendour;
On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
He thought of all this, as he gazed. in a trice,
And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce;
When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,
Which went pit-a-pat As he cried out "What's that?"—
That very queer sound?— Does it come from the ground
Or the air,—from above, - or below.—or around?—
It is not like Talking, It is not like Walking,
It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—
Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,—
It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!

While clearer and clearer, 'Twas plain to the hearer,
Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,
And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,
Very much "like a Coffin a-walking up stairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun To "make up" for a run,
As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
When a single bright ray Shone out on the way
He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock!!"
'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
And nothing was altered at all—but the Face!
No!—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life!
The identical face of his poor defunct Wife!
You never did read of, or witness such speed
As David exerted that evening,—Indeed
All we have ever heard of boys, women or men,
Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "PEN!"

He reaches its brow,— He has past it, and now
Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity;
But, run as he will, Or roll down the hill,
That bugbear behind him is after him still!
And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,
Till, exhausted and sore. He can't run any more,
But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,
"Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!!

(*Contralto Solo.*)

Miss Davis look'd up, Miss Davis looked down,
She saw nothing there to alarm her;—a frown
Came o'er her white forehead, She said, "It was horrid
A man shonld come knocking at that time of night,
And give her Mamma and herself such a fright;—
To squall and to bawl About nothing at all!"
She begg'd "he'd not think of repeating his call:
His late wife's disaster By no means had past her."
She'd "have him to know she was meant for his Master!"
Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,
She turn'd on her heel and she turn'd up her nose.

(*Tenor Solo.*)

Poor David in vain Implored to remain,
He "dared not," he said, "cross the mountain again."
Why the fair was obdurate None knows,—to be sure, it
Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate;—
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
Pryce found to creep into that night was the Coal-hole!
In that shady retreat With nothing to eat,
And with very bruised limbs, and with very sore feet,
All night close he kept; I can't say he slept;
But he sigh'd, and he sobb'd, and he groan'd, and he wept;
Lamenting his sins, And his two broken shins,
Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,
And her he once thought a complete *Rara Avis*,
Consigning to Satan,—viz., cruel Miss Davis!

CHORUS.

(*Tenor Solo.*)

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
Mr. Pryce, if he's there, Will get into "The Chair,"
And make all his *quondam* associates stare
By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
"Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
The dial he constantly watches: and when
The long hand's at "XII.," and the short at the "X.,"
He gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs,
Take his hat and great coat off their several pegs,
With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,
And says solemnly,—"Gentlemen!
"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"

Dedicated to Signor Franco Leoni and The Queen's Hall Choral Society.

Look at the Clock.

A Welsh Rhapsody

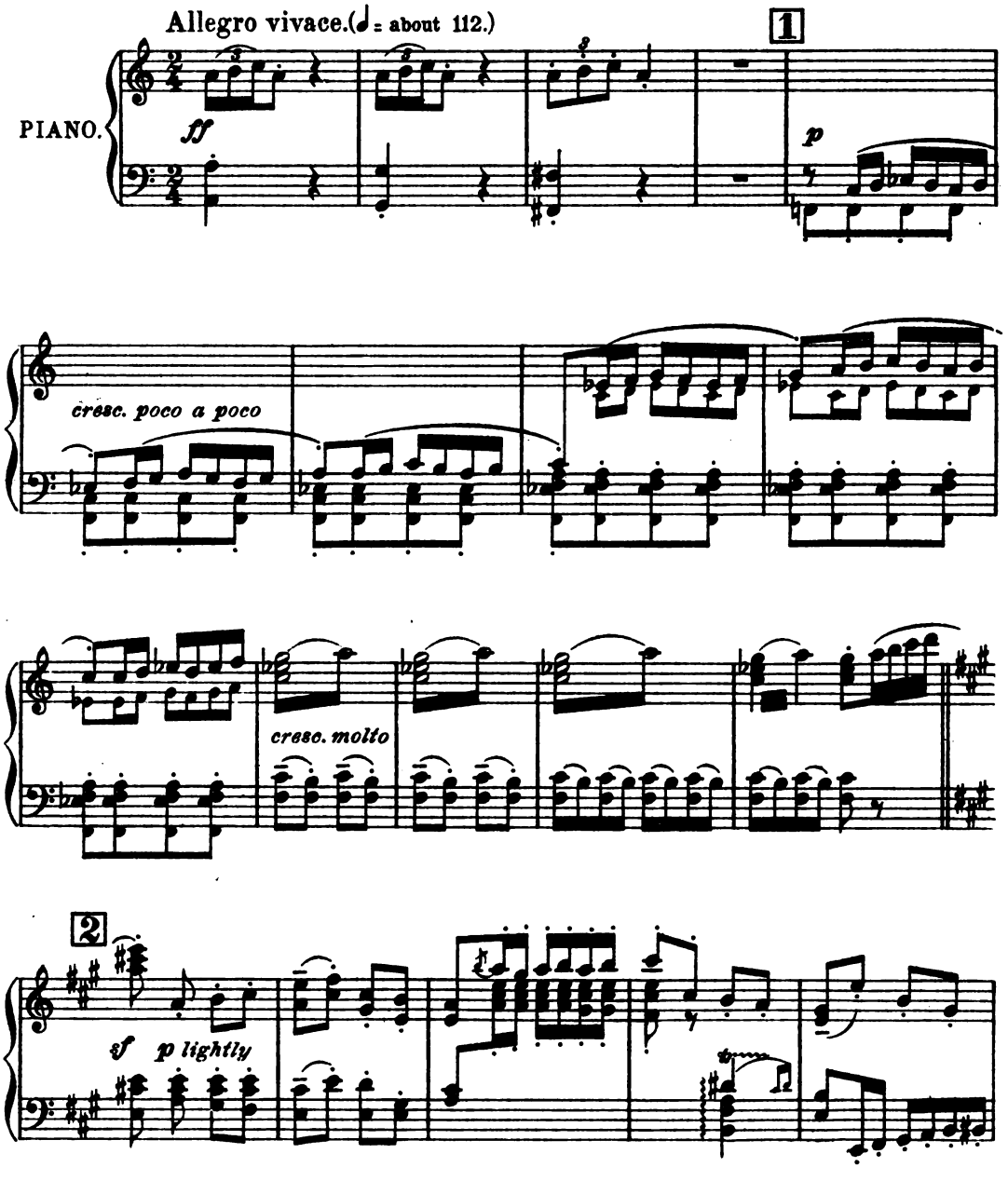
for Chorus, Soli (Tenor & Contralto) and Orchestra.

Words by
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Music by
HUBERT BATH.

No. 1.

PRELUDE.



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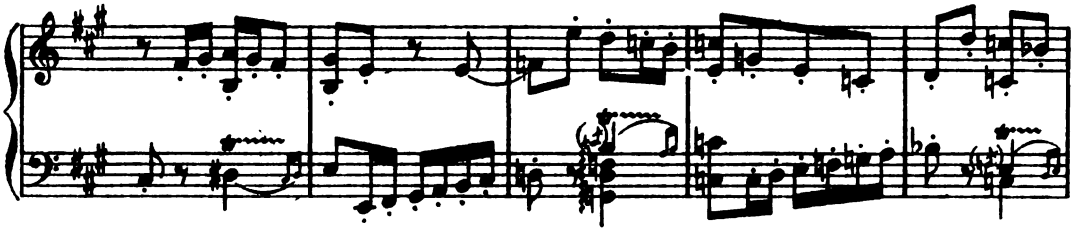

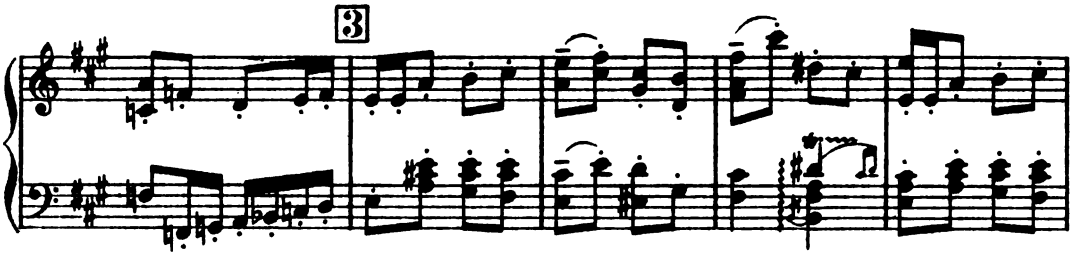
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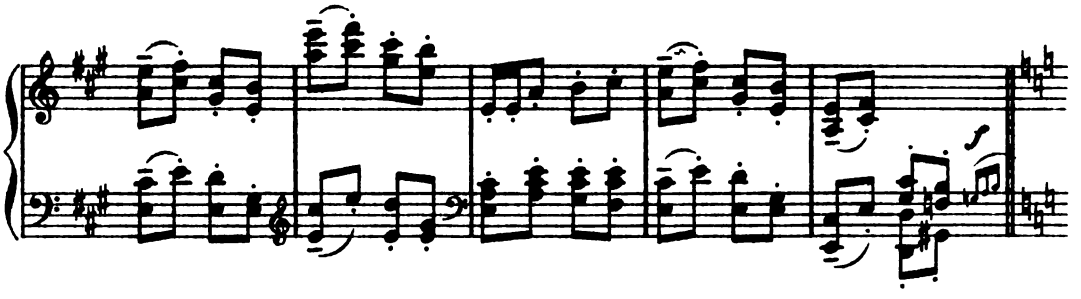
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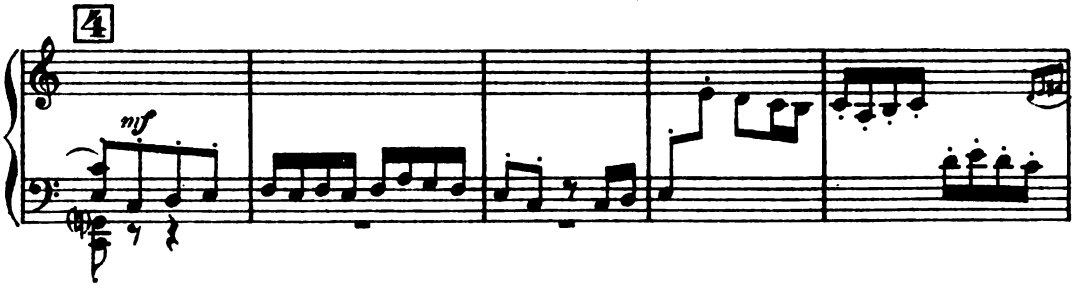
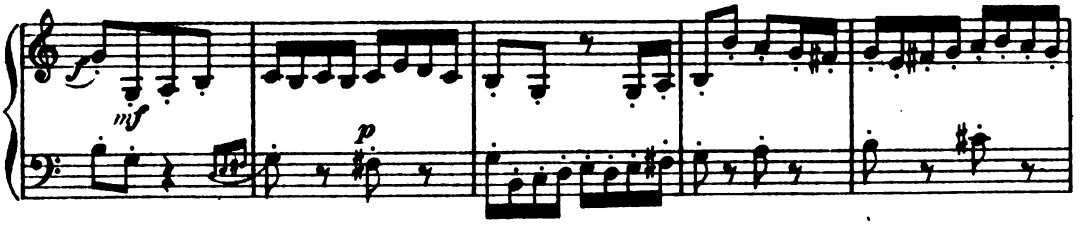
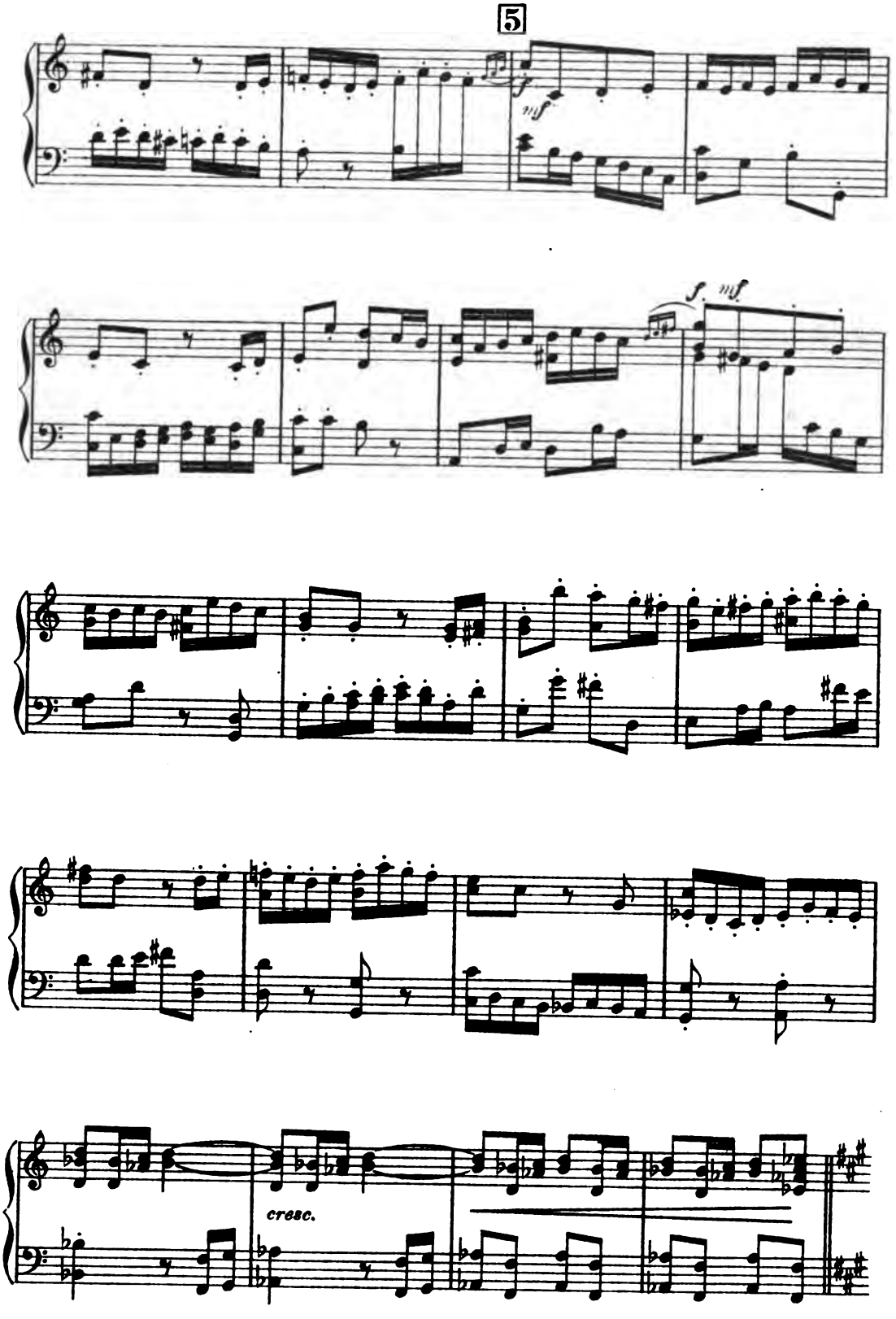
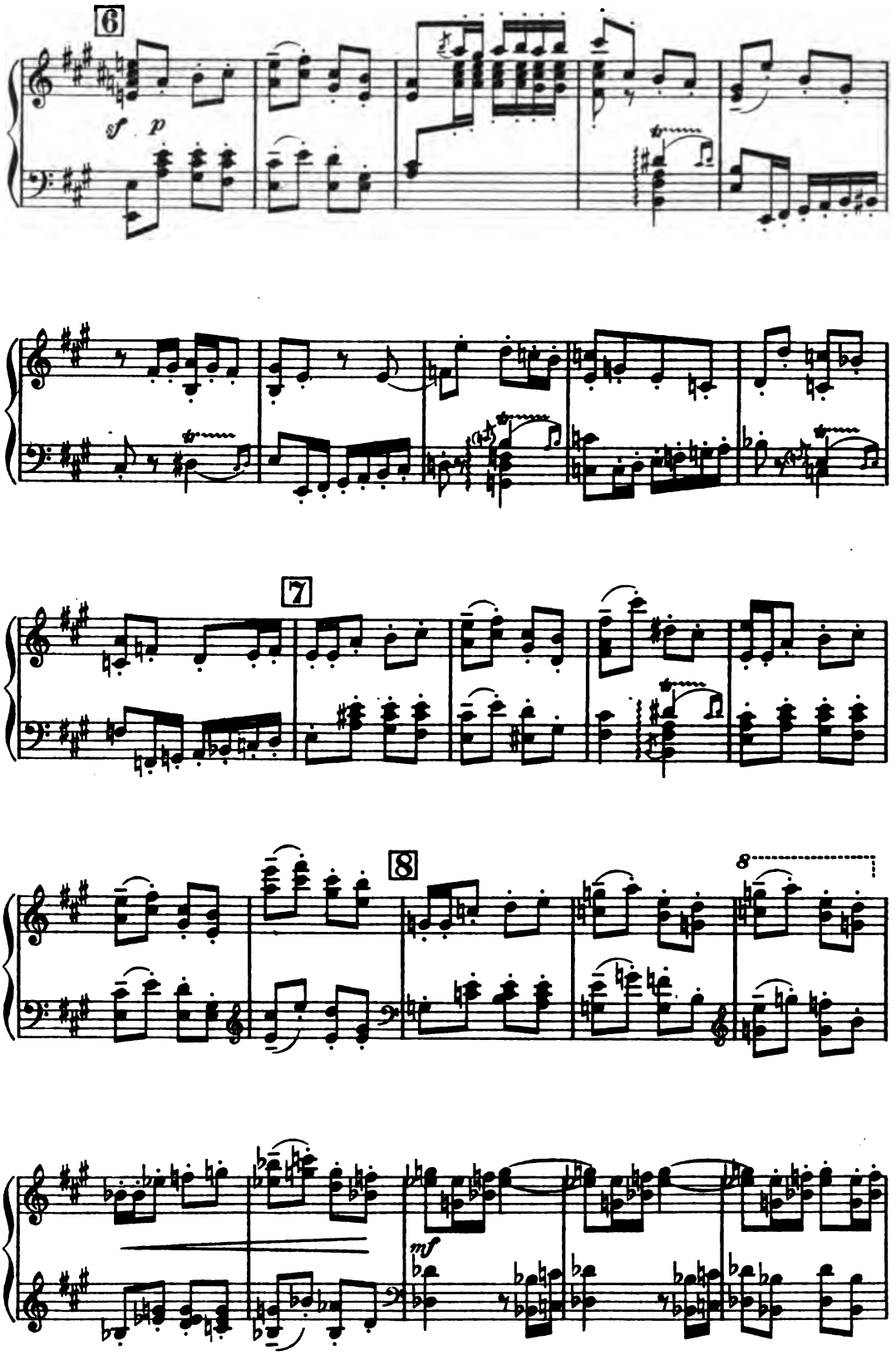
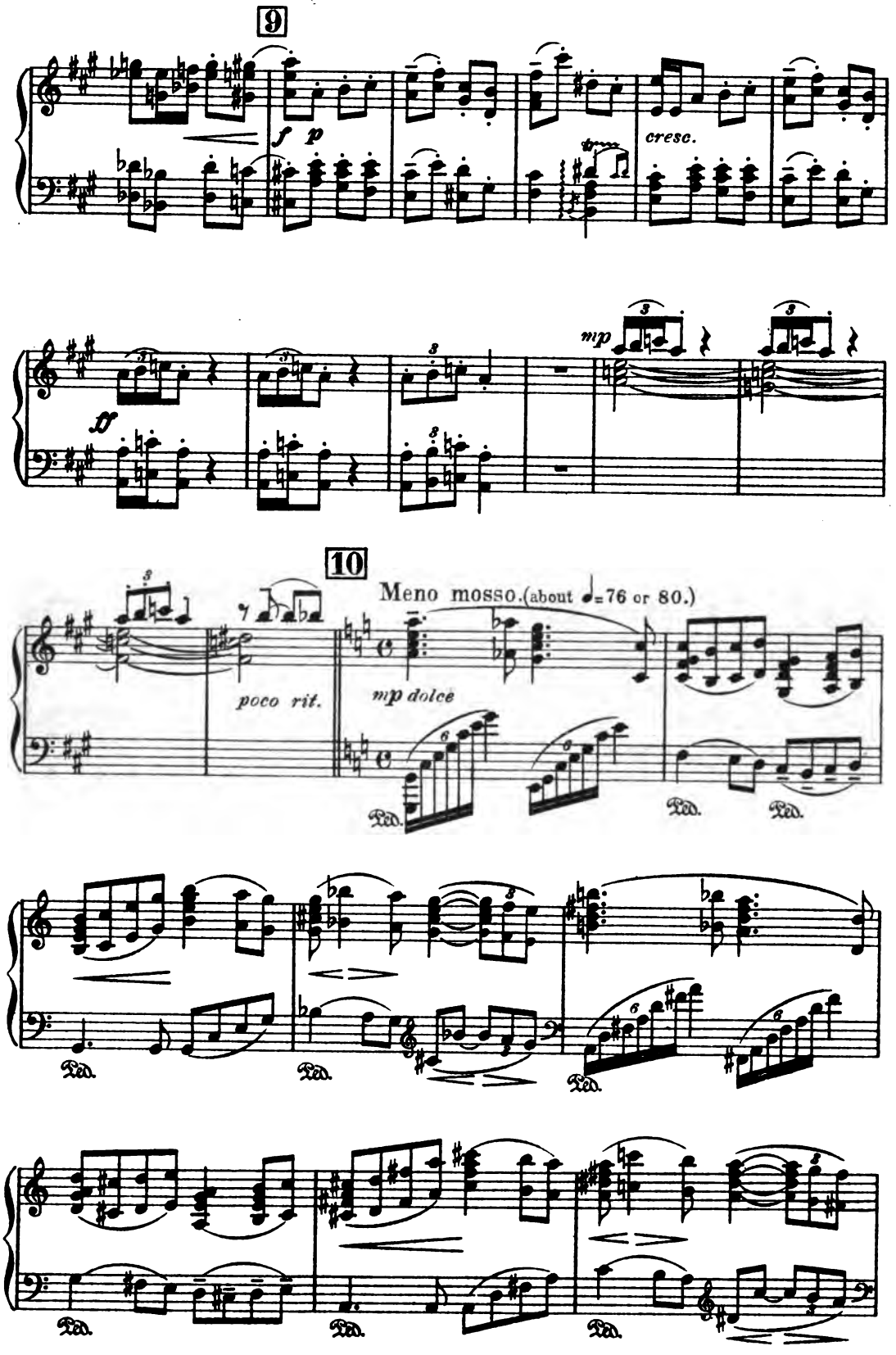
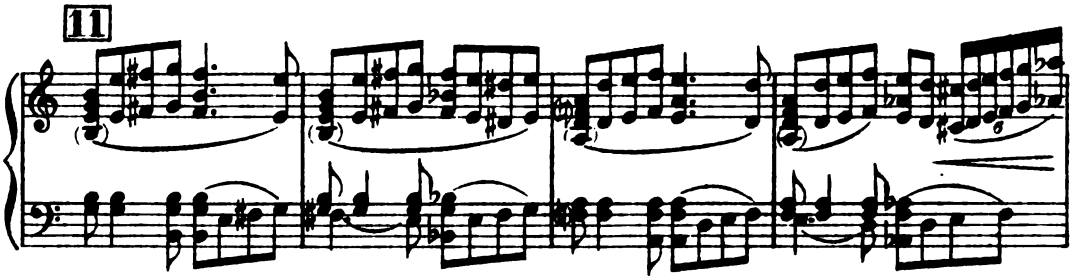

4
mf


f
mf
p


5
f
mf
f
mf
cresc.


6
sf
p
7
8
8
mf


9
f
p
cresc.
ff
mp
10
Meno mosso. (about ♩=76 or 80.)
poco rit.
mp dolce
Ped.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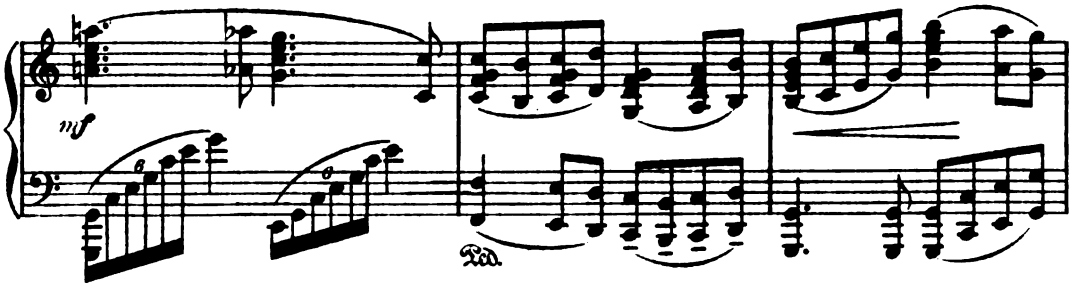
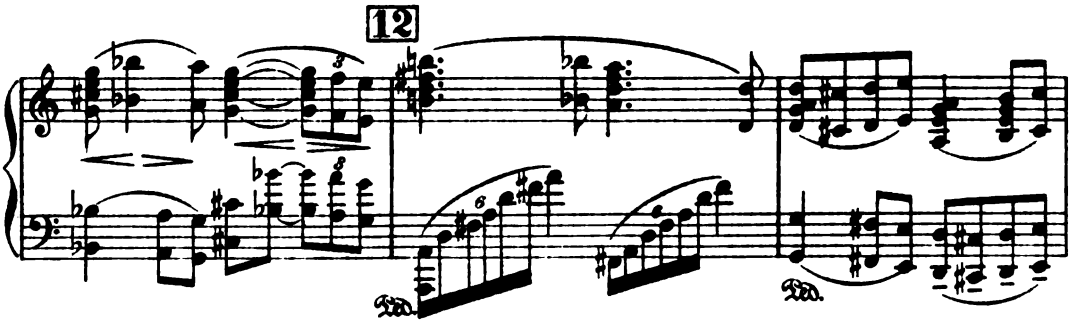
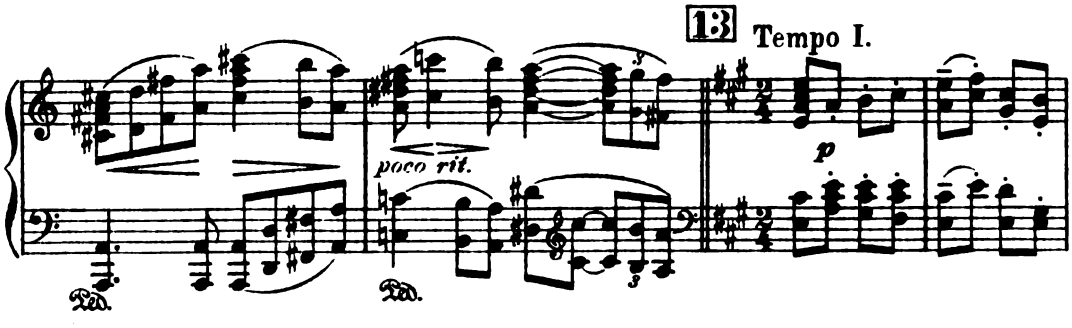
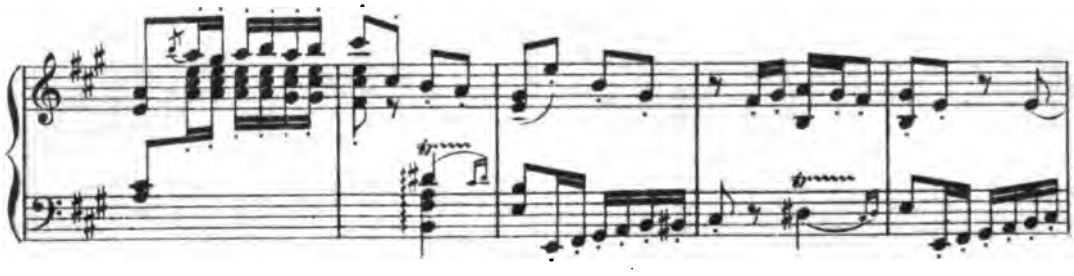
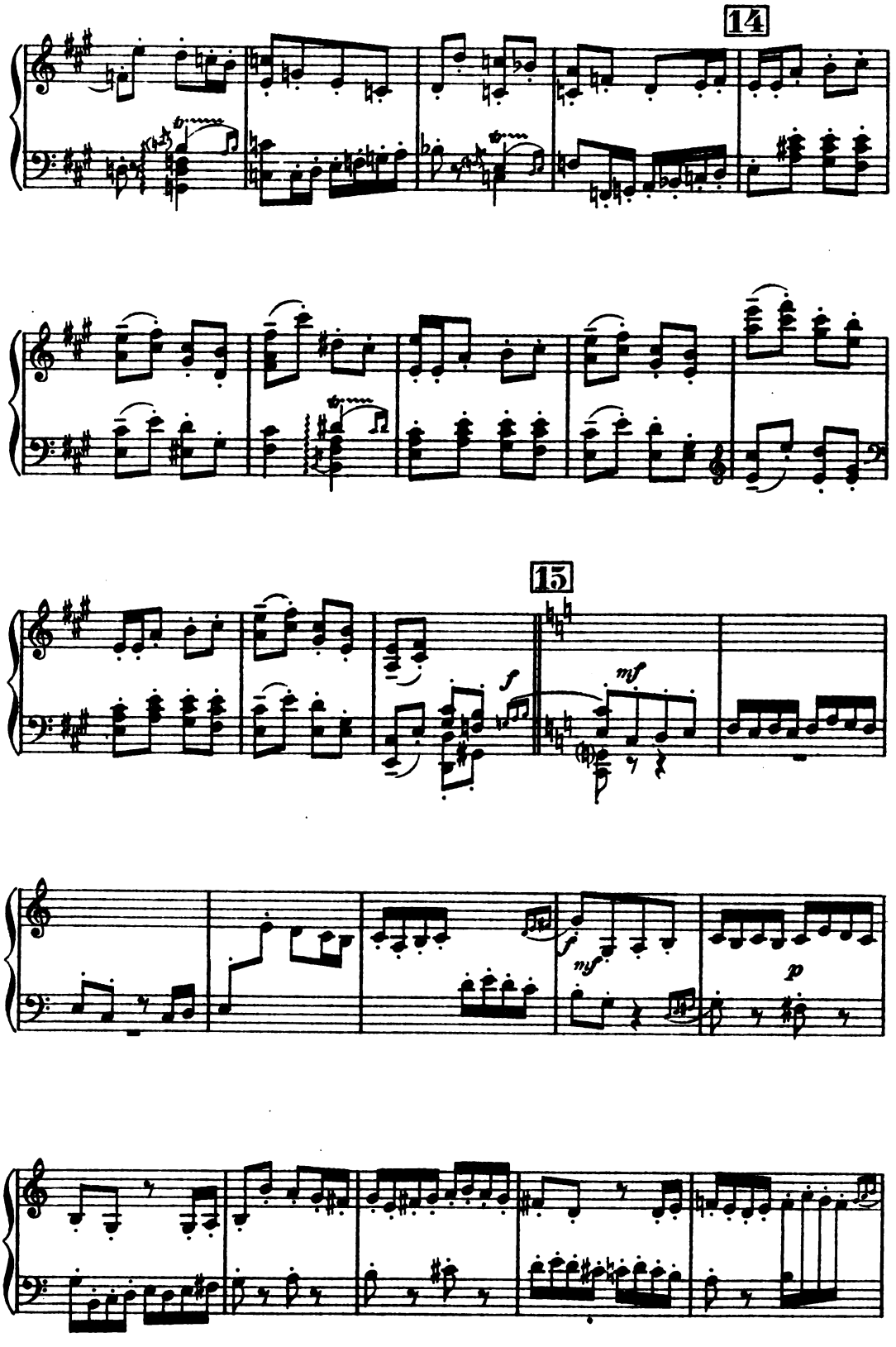
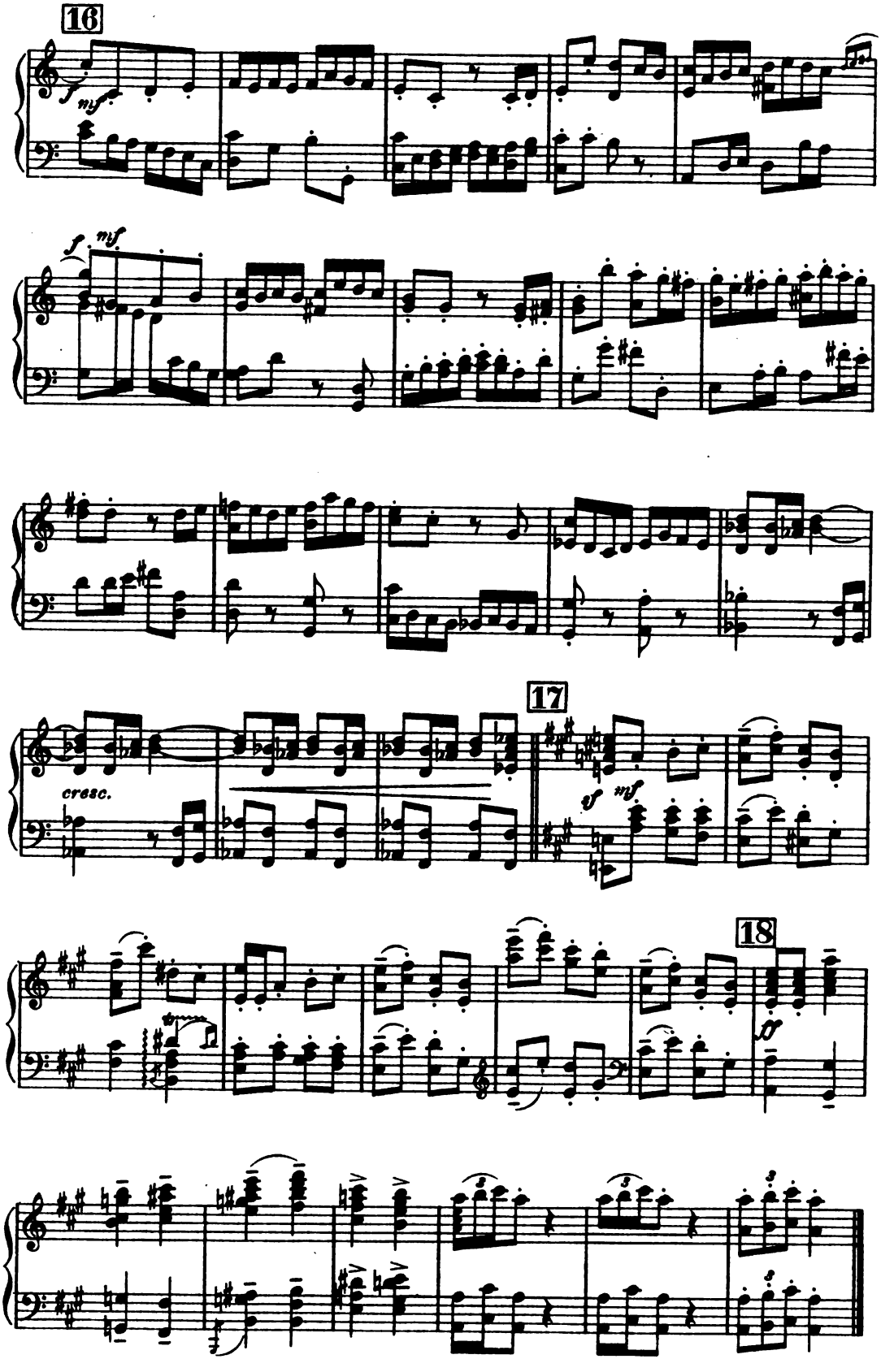

mf
Ped.


12
Ped.
Ped.

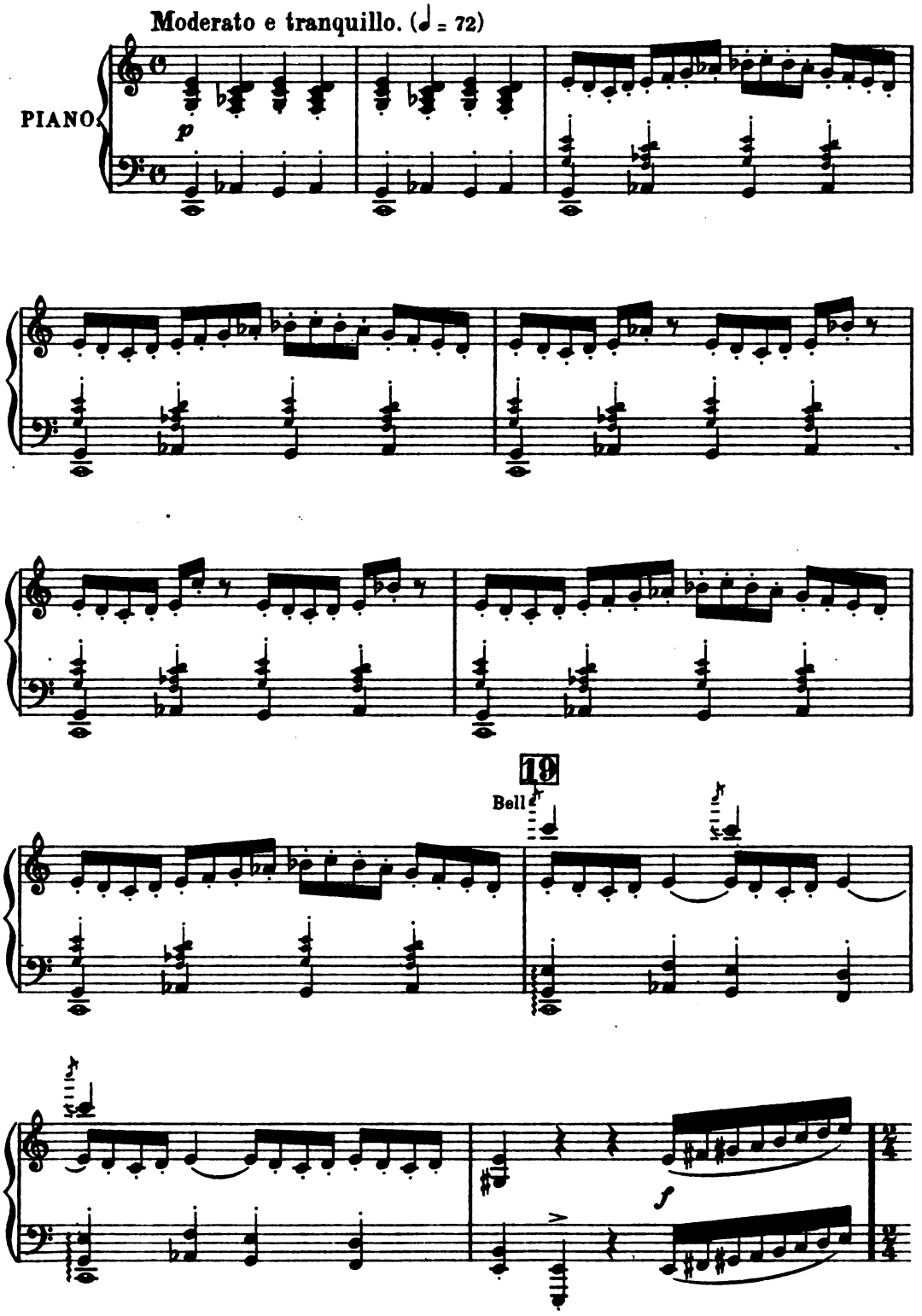

13
Tempo I.
poco rit.
p
Ped.
Ped.




14
15
f
mf
f
mf
p


16
f
mf
f
mf
cresc.
17
ff
mf
18
ff

No. 2. SOLO. (Contralto.)



20 Moderato con moto. (♩ = 100)

ff very angrily *mp lighter*

"Look at the Clock!" quoth Win - i - fred Pryce, As she

f *p*

o - pen'd the door to her hus - band's knock, Then paused to

21 *ff (angrily again and in strict time)*

give him a piece of ad - vice, "You nas - ty War - mint,

f *mf*

look at the Clock! Is this the way, you Wretch, ev - 'ry day you

22

Treat her who vow'd to love and o - bey you?– Out all night!

Me in a fright; Stag-ger-ing home as it's just get-ting light! You in-

-tox-i-fied brute!–You in - sen-si-ble block!– Look at the Clock!–Do!–

(*half spoken*)

23

Look at the Clock!"

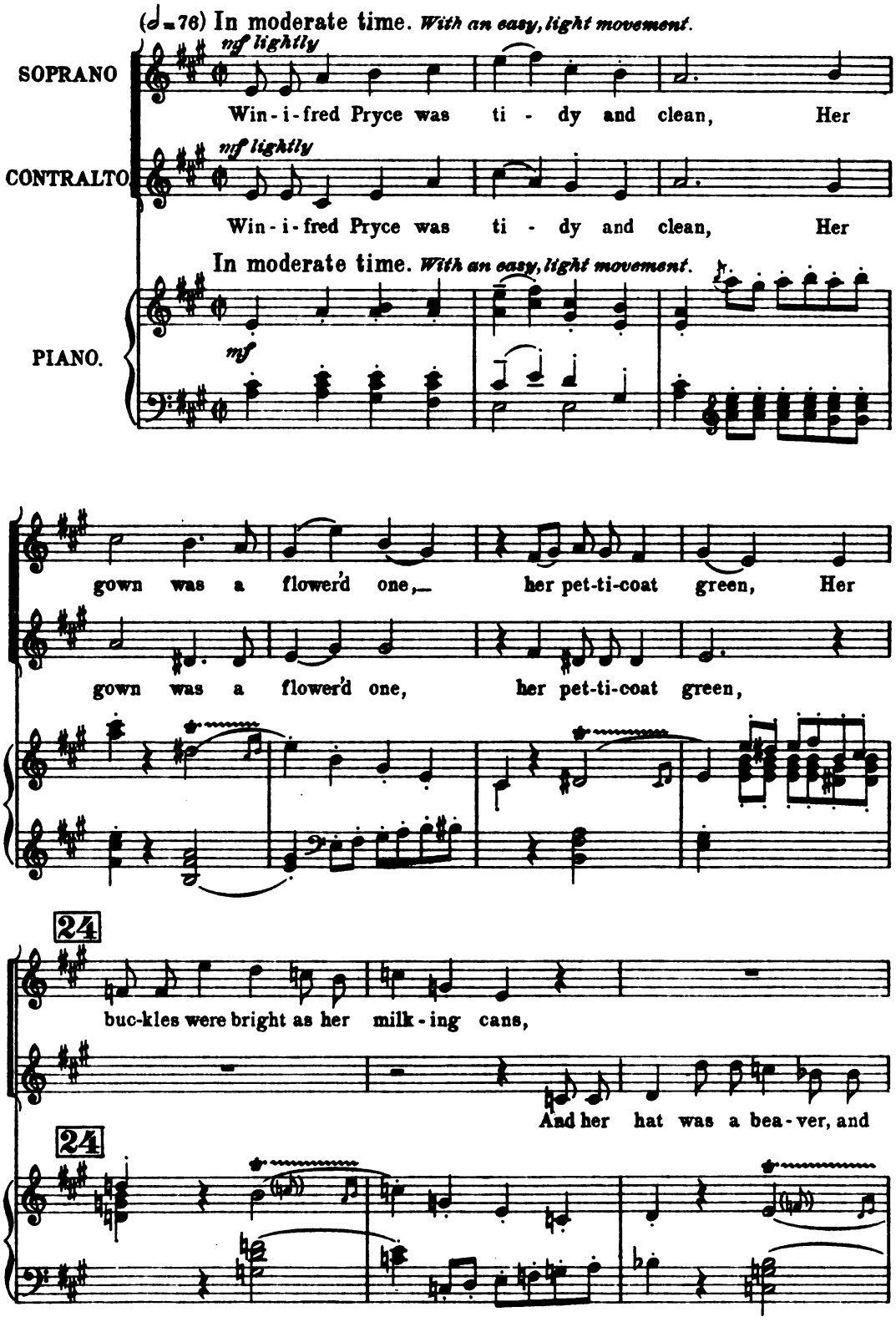
8

8

ritard.

attacca No 3.

No. 3. CHORUS.


(♩=76) In moderate time. With an easy, light movement.
SOPRANO
mf lightly
Win-i-fred Pryce was ti-dy and clean, Her
CONTRALTO
mf lightly
Win-i-fred Pryce was ti-dy and clean, Her
In moderate time. With an easy, light movement.
PIANO.
mf
gown was a flower'd one, her pet-ti-coat green, Her
gown was a flower'd one, her pet-ti-coat green,
24
buc-kles were bright as her milk-ing cans,
And her hat was a bea-ver, and
24

Her lit - tle red eyes were deep - -

made like a man's; Her lit - tle red eyes were deep - -

25

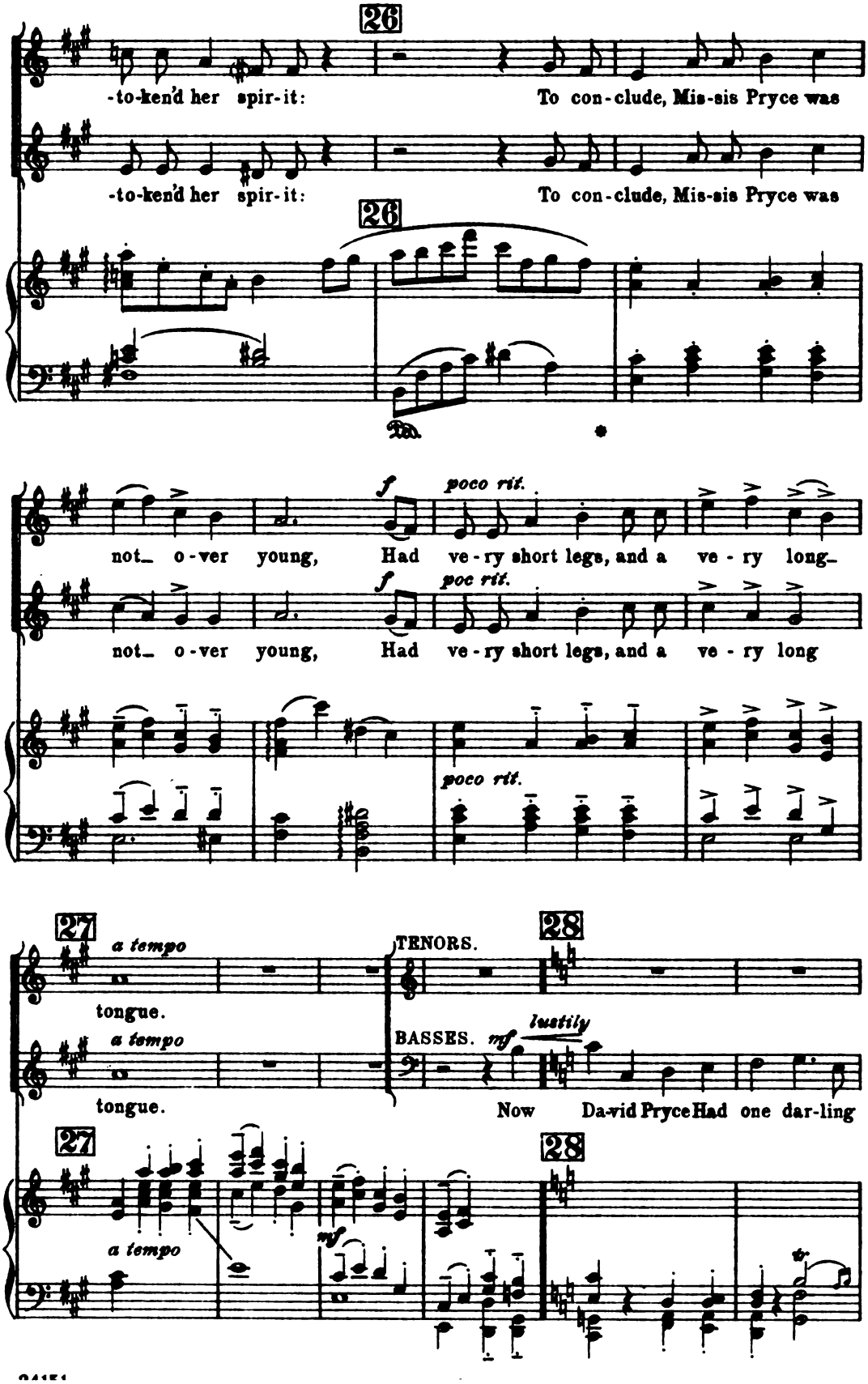
-set in their soc-ket-holes, Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and

-set in their soc-ket-holes, Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and

25

tuck'd through the poc-ket-holes; A face like a fer-ret Be -

tuck'd through the poc-ket-holes; A face like a fer-ret Be -


26
-to-ken'd her spir-it: To con-clude, Mis-sis Pryce was
-to-ken'd her spir-it: To con-clude, Mis-sis Pryce was
26
f
poco rit.
not_ o-ver young, Had ve-ry short legs, and a ve-ry long_
f
poc rit.
not_ o-ver young, Had ve-ry short legs, and a ve-ry long
poco rit.
27
a tempo
tongue.
a tempo
tongue.
TENORS.
BASSES.
mf
lustily
28
Now Da-vid Pryce Had one dar-ling
27
a tempo
mf
28

mf

Re - mark - a - bly par - tial to a - ny - thing

vice; Re - mark - a - bly par - tial to a - ny - thing

29

nice, Nought that was good to him came a - miss,

29

nice,

29

poco rit. *f* *a tempo*

Es - pe - cial - ly ale-

poco rit. *p* *a tempo*

Wheth - er to eat, or to drink, or to kiss! If it was

poco rit. *a tempo*

30

We real - ly be-lieve he'd have emp-tied a pail;

not too stale We real - ly be-lieve he'd have emp-tied a pail;

To pro -

Not that in Wales They talk of their Ales;

31

-nounce the word they make use of might trou-ble you, Be - ing

Be - ing

Ped. *

spelt with a C, two R's, and a W.

spelt with a C, two R's, and a W.

32 SOPRANO.

mf

That par-

32 CONTRALTO.

mf

That par-

32

mf

That par-

32

mf

That par-

32

33

Con moto. (𝅗𝅥. = 60 or ♩ = 152)

-ti - cu - lar day, As we've heard peo - ple say, Mis-ter

33

-ti - cu - lar day, As we've heard peo - ple say, Mis-ter

33

-ti - cu - lar day, As we've heard peo - ple say, Mis-ter

33

-ti - cu - lar day, As we've heard peo - ple say, Mis-ter

33

Con moto. (𝅗𝅥. = 60 or ♩ = 152)

p

Da - vid Pryce had been soak-ing his clay, And a -

Da - vid Pryce had been soak-ing his clay, And a -

Da - vid Pryce had been soak-ing his clay, And a -

Da - vid Pryce had been soak-ing his clay, And a -

-mus-ing him - self with his pipe and che - roots, The

-mus-ing him - self with his pipe and che - roots, The

-mus-ing him - self with his pipe and che - roots, The

-mus-ing him - self with his pipe and che - roots, The

34

whole af - ter - noon, at the Goat - in - Boots, With a

34

whole af - ter - noon, at the Goat - in - Boots, With a

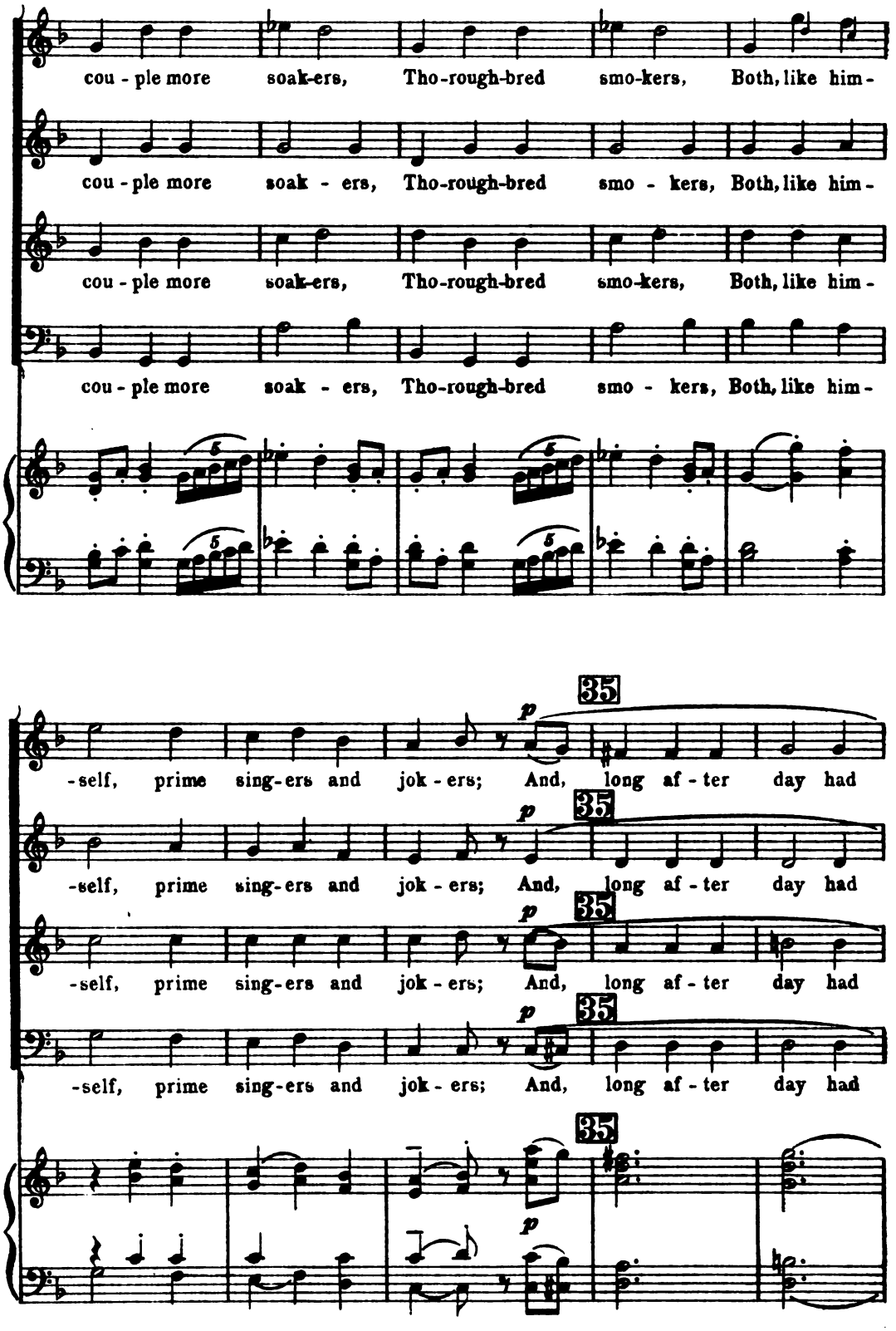
34

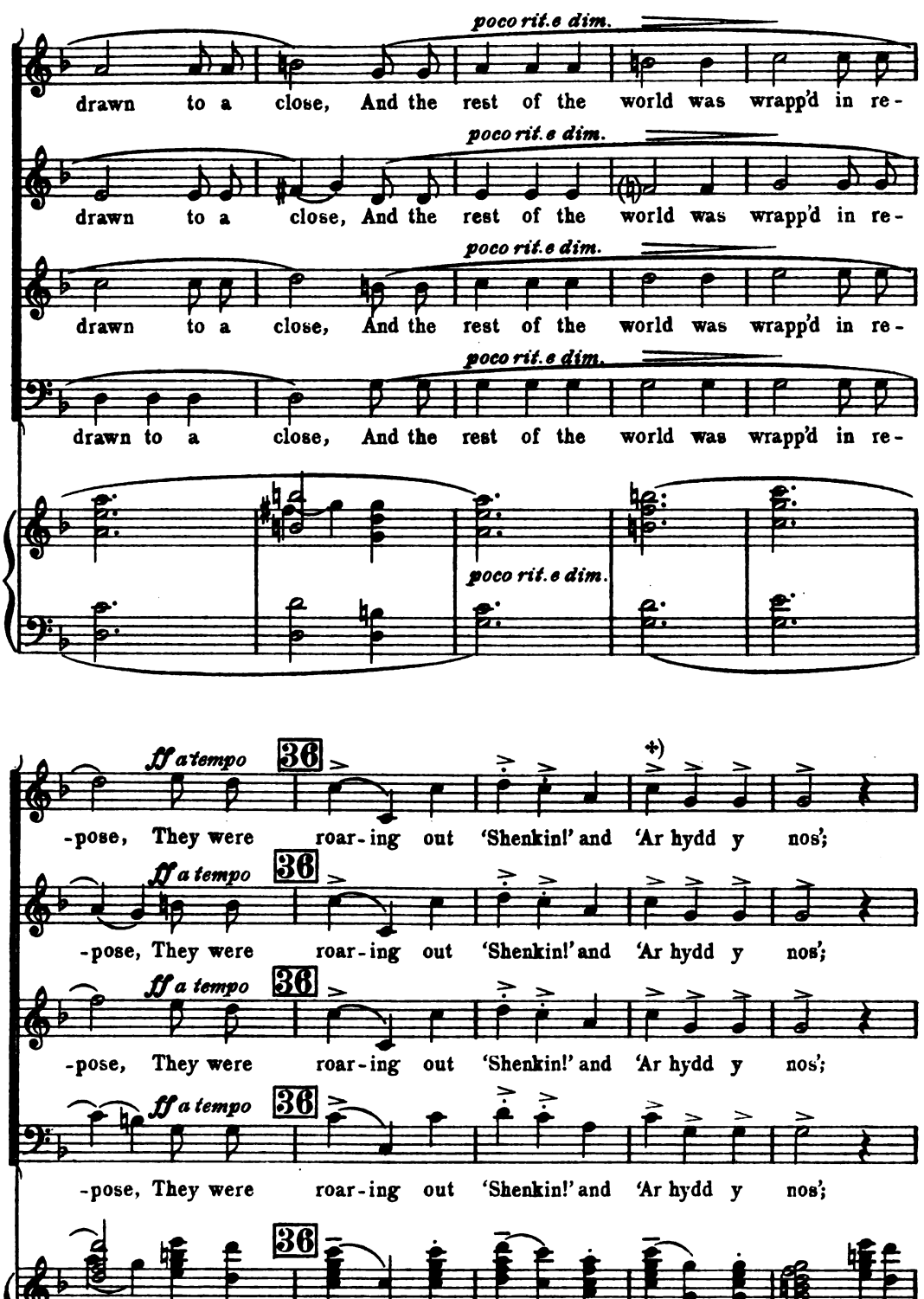
whole af - ter - noon, at the Goat - in - Boots, With a

34

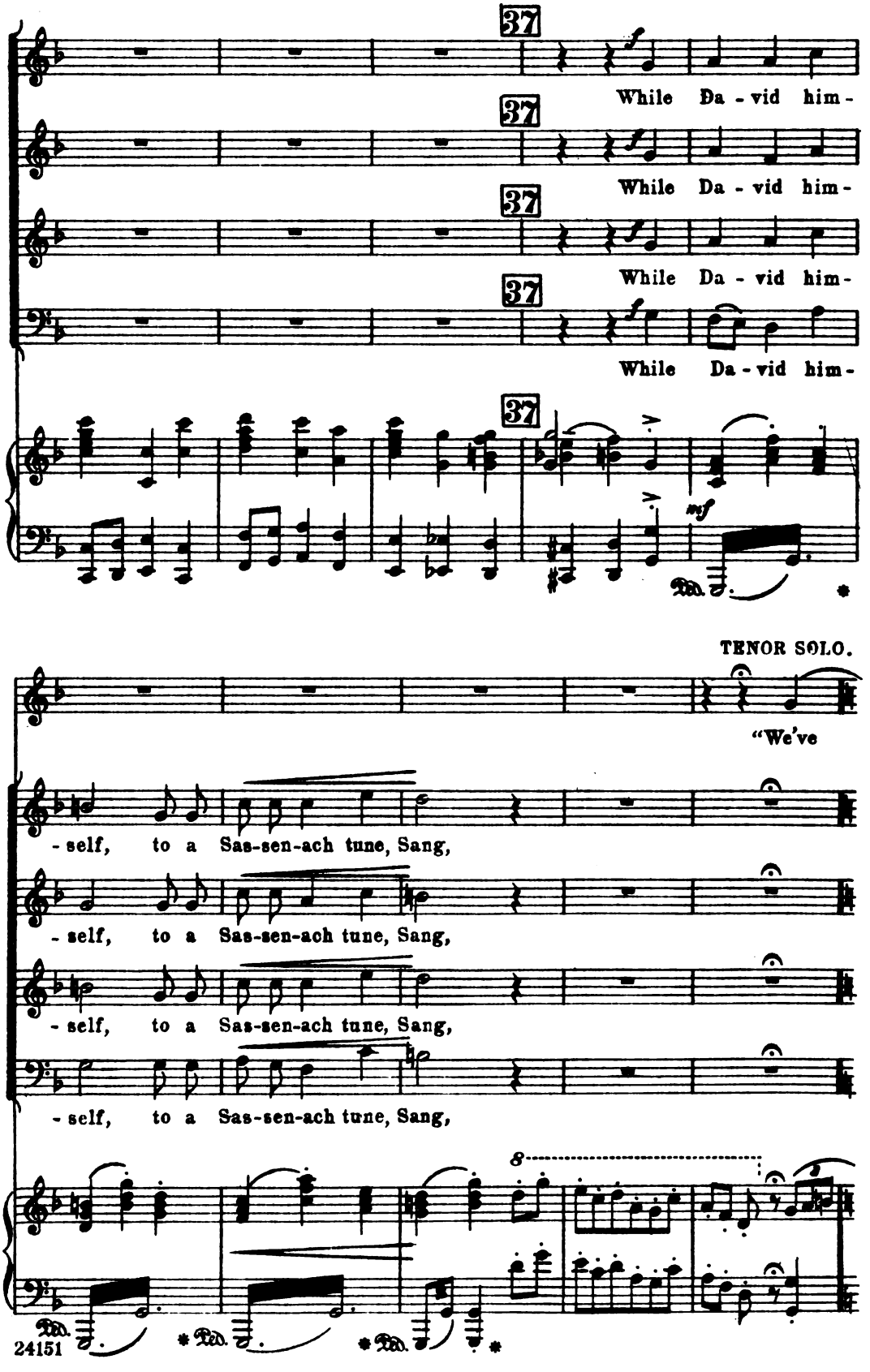
whole af - ter - noon, at the Goat - in - Boots, With a

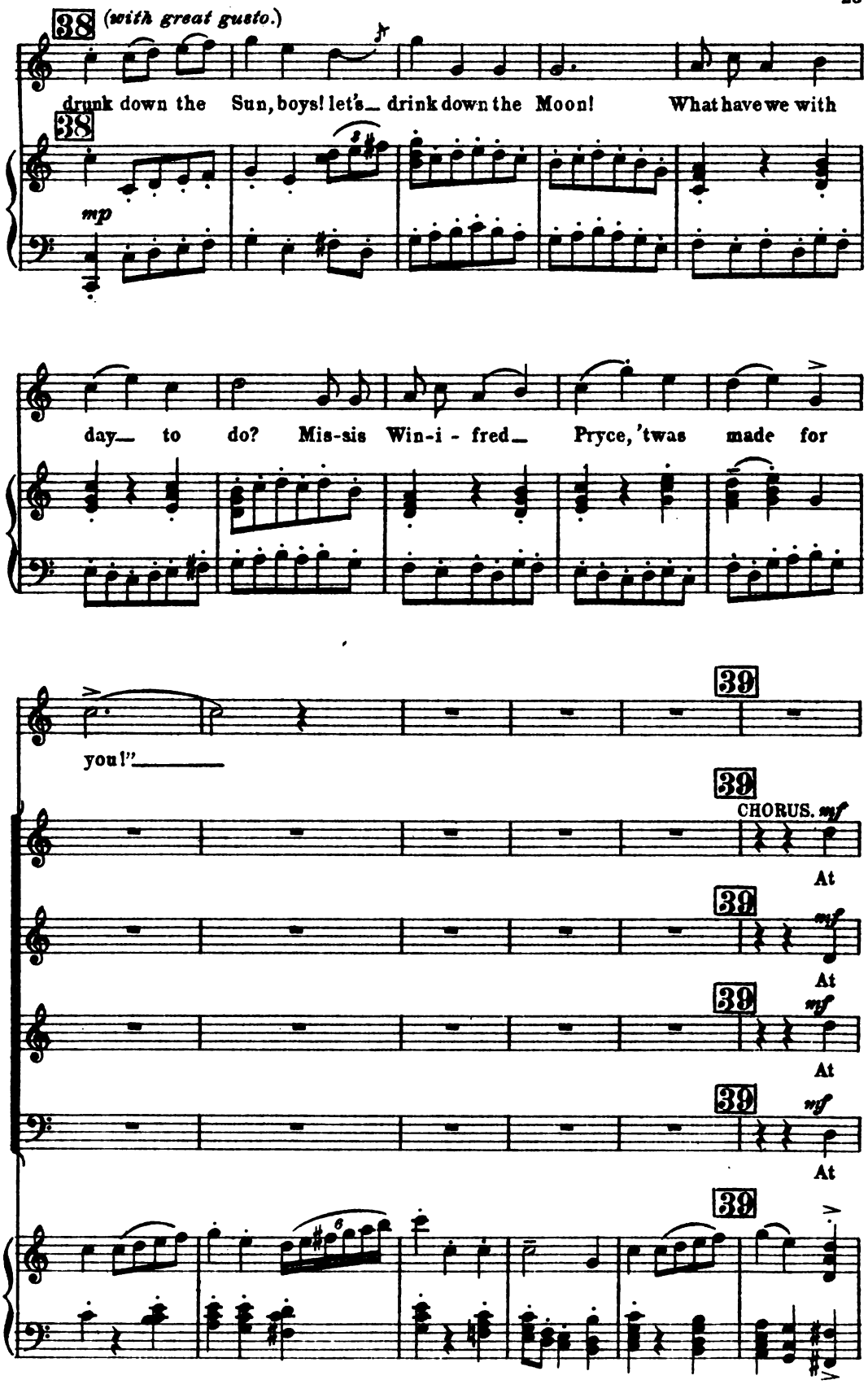
34

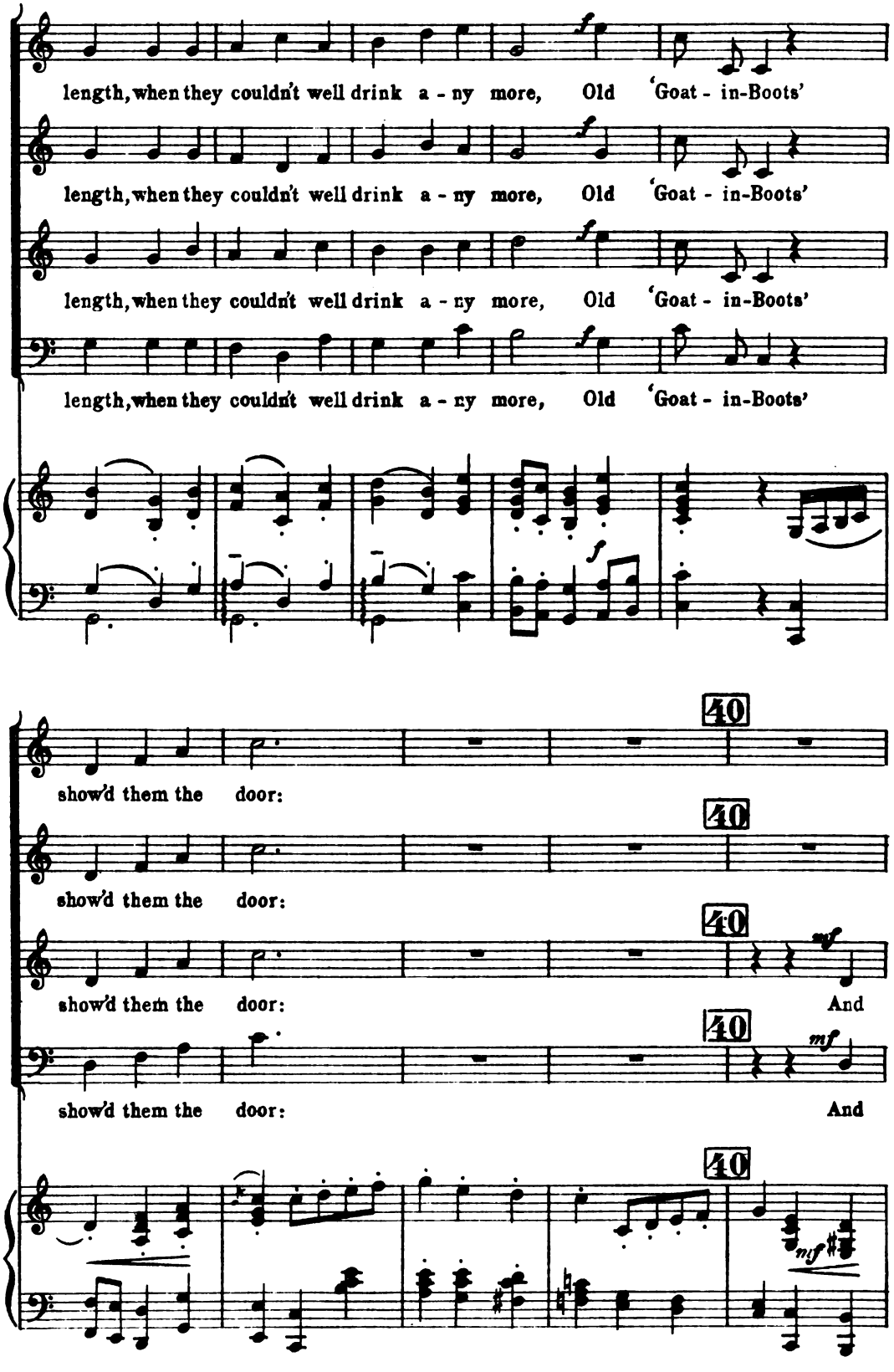

cou - ple more soak-ers, Tho-rough-bred smo-kers, Both, like him-
cou - ple more soak - ers, Tho-rough-bred smo - kers, Both, like him-
cou - ple more soak-ers, Tho-rough-bred smo-kers, Both, like him-
cou - ple more soak - ers, Tho-rough-bred smo - kers, Both, like him-
-self, prime sing-ers and jok - ers; And, long af - ter day had
-self, prime sing-ers and jok - ers; And, long af - ter day had
-self, prime sing-ers and jok - ers; And, long af - ter day had
-self, prime sing-ers and jok - ers; And, long af - ter day had
35
p



✦) Pronounce Ar-hēēd-e-nōs.


37
While Da - vid him-
While Da - vid him-
While Da - vid him-
While Da - vid him-
mf
TENOR SOLO.
"We've
- self, to a Sas-sen-ach tune, Sang,
- self, to a Sas-sen-ach tune, Sang,
- self, to a Sas-sen-ach tune, Sang,
- self, to a Sas-sen-ach tune, Sang,
8


38
(with great gusto.)
drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the Moon! What have we with
mp
day to do? Mis-sis Win-i - fred Pryce, 'twas made for
you!"
39
CHORUS. mf
At
At
At
At


length, when they couldn't well drink a - ny more, Old 'Goat - in-Boots'
length, when they couldn't well drink a - ny more, Old 'Goat - in-Boots'
length, when they couldn't well drink a - ny more, Old 'Goat - in-Boots'
length, when they couldn't well drink a - ny more, Old 'Goat - in-Boots'
show'd them the door:
show'd them the door:
show'd them the door: And
show'd them the door: And
40
40
40
40

then came that knock, And the sen - si - ble shock Da-vid

then came that knock, And the sen - si - ble shock Da-vid

41

"Look at the Clock!" For the

41

"Look at the Clock!" For the

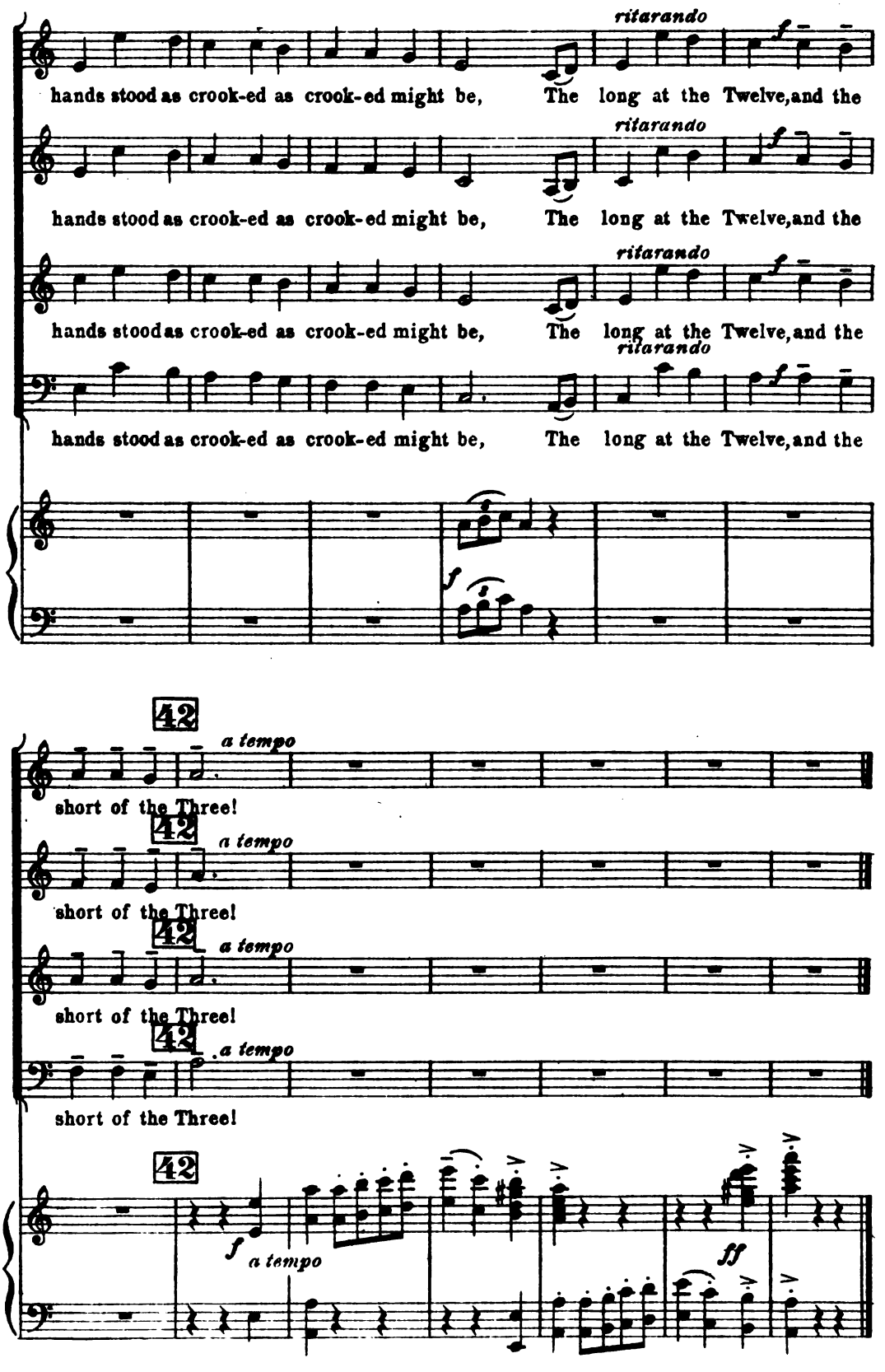
41

felt when his wife cried, For the

41

felt when his wife cried, For the

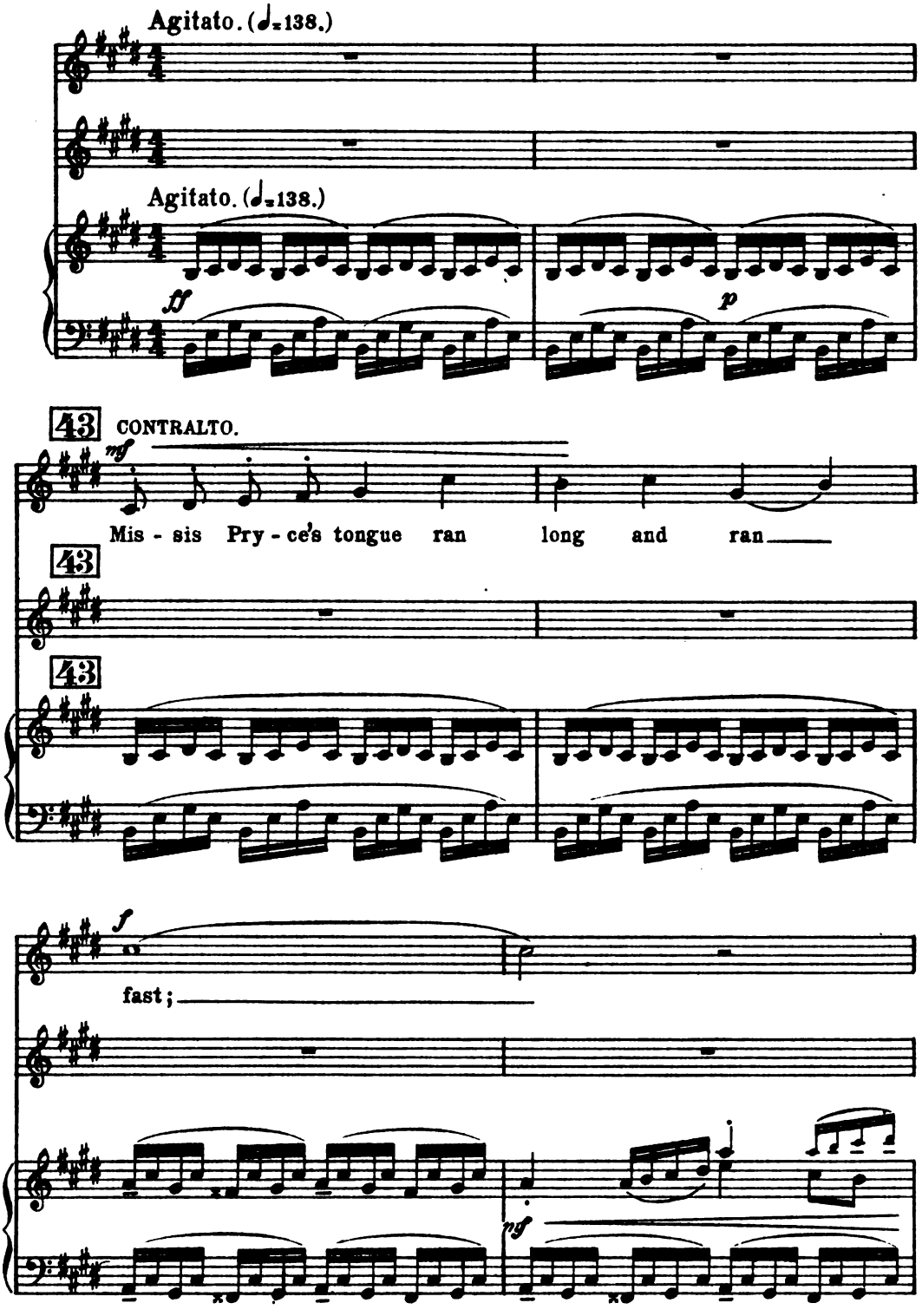
41

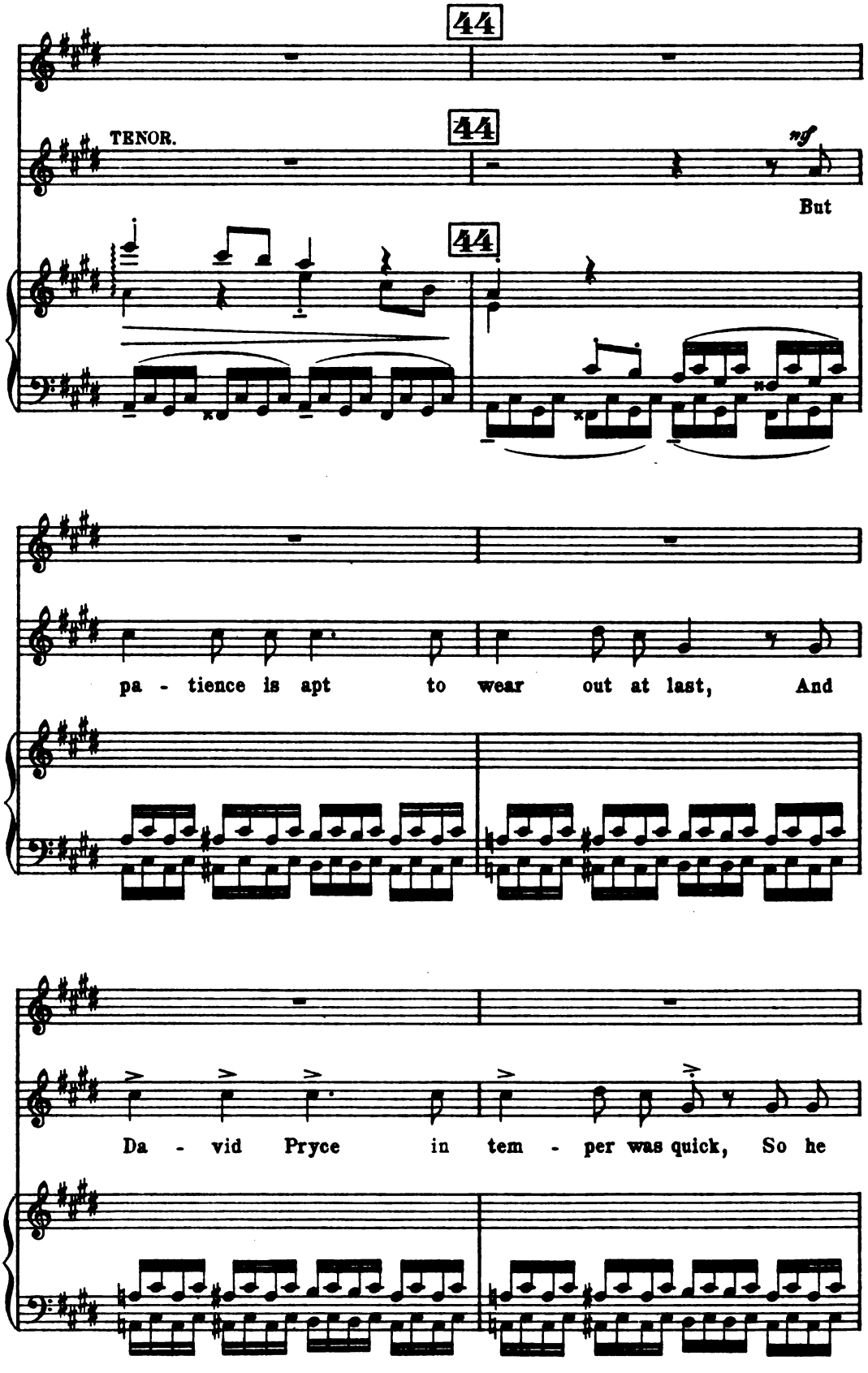

ritarando
hands stood as crook-ed as crook-ed might be, The long at the Twelve, and the
ritarando
hands stood as crook-ed as crook-ed might be, The long at the Twelve, and the
ritarando
hands stood as crook-ed as crook-ed might be, The long at the Twelve, and the
ritarando
hands stood as crook-ed as crook-ed might be, The long at the Twelve, and the
42
a tempo
short of the Three!
42
a tempo
short of the Three!
42
a tempo
short of the Three!
42
a tempo
short of the Three!
42
a tempo
ff

No. 4.

DUET.

(Contralto and Tenor Soli.)




44
TENOR.
44
mf
But
44
pa - tience is apt to wear out at last, And
Da - vid Pryce in tem - per was quick, So he

mf

Per-

stretched out his hand, and caught hold of a stick:

45

-haps in its use he might mean to be le - nient, But

45

45

walk-ing just then was not ve - ry con-ve - nient.

46

So he threw it in - stead, Di-rect at her head:

46

So he threw it in - stead, Di-rect at her head:

46

It knock'd off her hat; Down_ she fell flat;

It knock'd off her hat; Down_ she fell flat;

47

a little slower

Her case, per-haps, was not much mended by that:

47

But what-

47

or

-ev-er it was, wheth-er rage and pain Pro-duced ap-o-plex-y,

burst a vein, Or her tum-ble pro-duced a con-cus-sion of brain, We-

mp

Or her tum-ble pro-duced a con-cus-sion of brain, We-

mp

48

can't say for cer-tain, but *this* we- can, When,

48

can't say for cer-tain, but *this* we- can, When,

48

with awe

so - ber'd by fright, to as - sist her he ran, Mis-sis

with awe

so - ber'd by fright, to as - sist her he ran, Mis-sis

poco rit. *p*

Win-i - fred Pryce was dead as Queen Anne!

poco rit. *p*

Win-i - fred Pryce was dead as Queen Anne!

colla voce *p* *dolente* *mp*

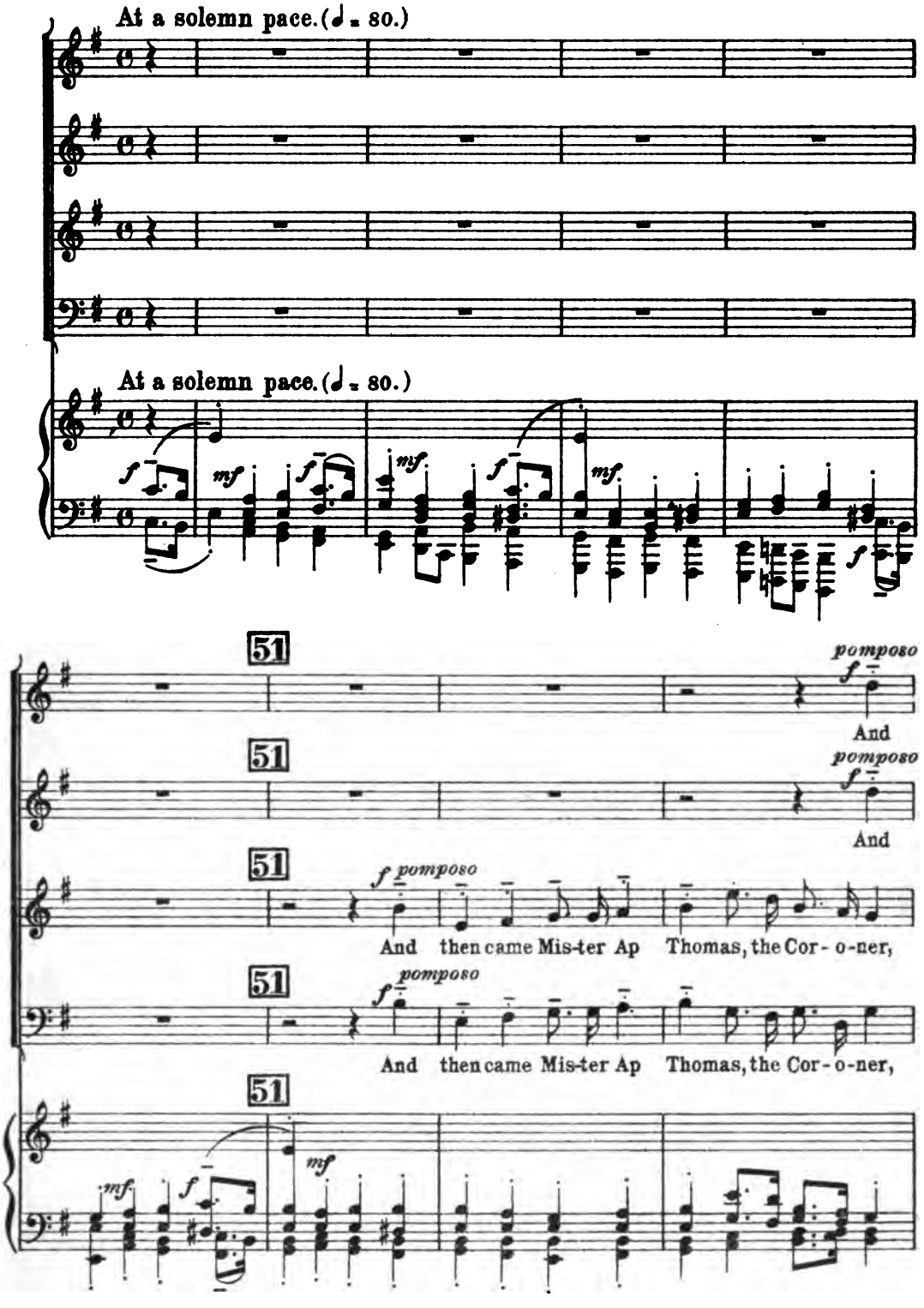
49

With solemnity.

50

p

No. 5 CHORUS and SOLO (Tenor.)



then came Mis - ter Ap Tho - mas, the Cor - o - ner,

then came Mis - ter Ap Tho - mas, the Cor - o - ner,

With his ju - ry to sit, some doz - en or more, on her.

With his ju - ry to sit, some doz - en or more, on her.

With his ju - ry to sit, some doz - en or more, on her.

52

52

52

52

With his ju-ry to sit, some doz-en or more, on her.

52

f *mf* *dolce.*

53 L'istesso tempo.

54 TENOR SOLO.

mf

L'istesso tempo.

53

54

Mis-ter

p

(*With innocent pleading.*)

Pryce, to commence His "in - gen-ious de-fence," Made a "pow'r-ful ap-peal" to the

ju - ry's "good sense;" The un - luck - y lick From the end of his

(ingenuously.)

stick He "de - plored,"— he was "apt to be ra-ther too quick;"—

55

f

But, real - ly, her prat-ing Was so ag-gra-vat-ing: Some

55

expressively.

mf

trif-ling cor-rect-ion was just what he meant;— all The

rest, he as-sured them, was "quite ac - ci - dent - al!"

56

mf

f

57 Più mosso.

57

57

57

mf

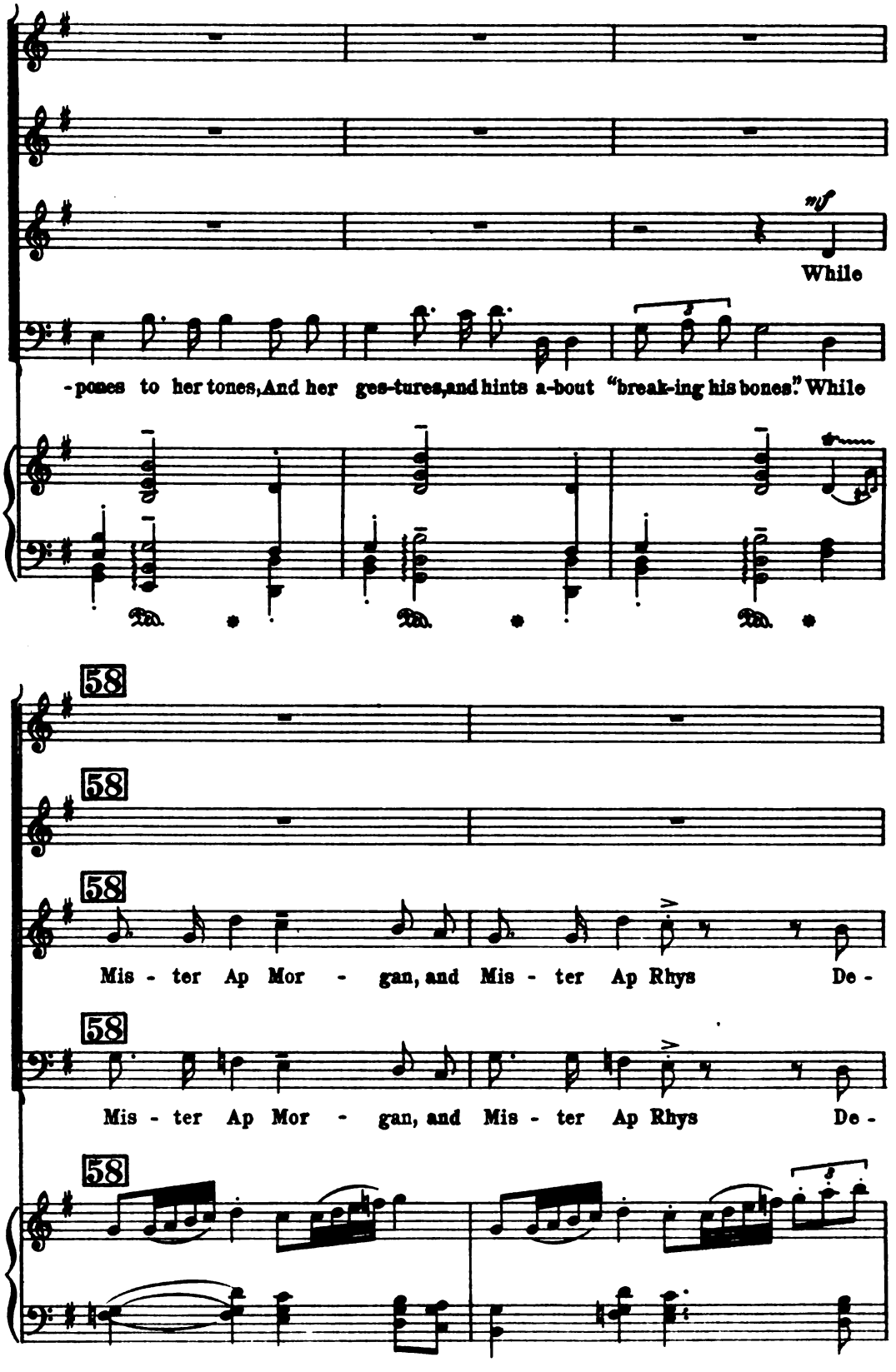
Then he calls Mis - ter Jones, Who de -

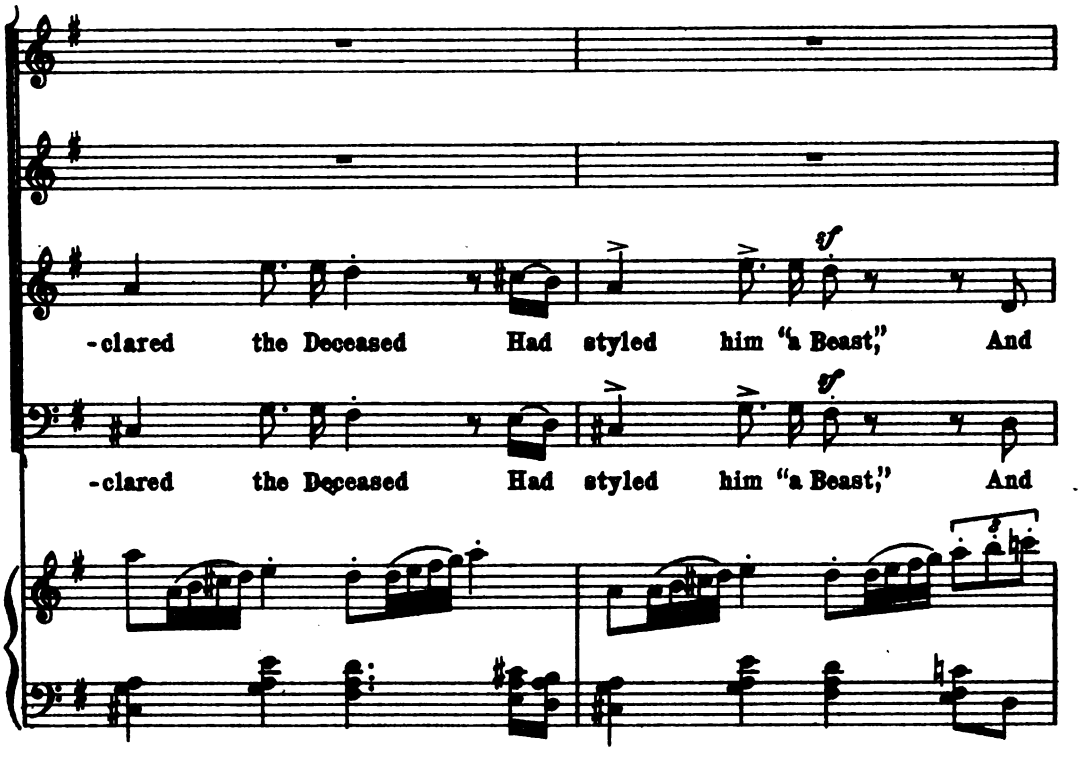
57 Più mosso.

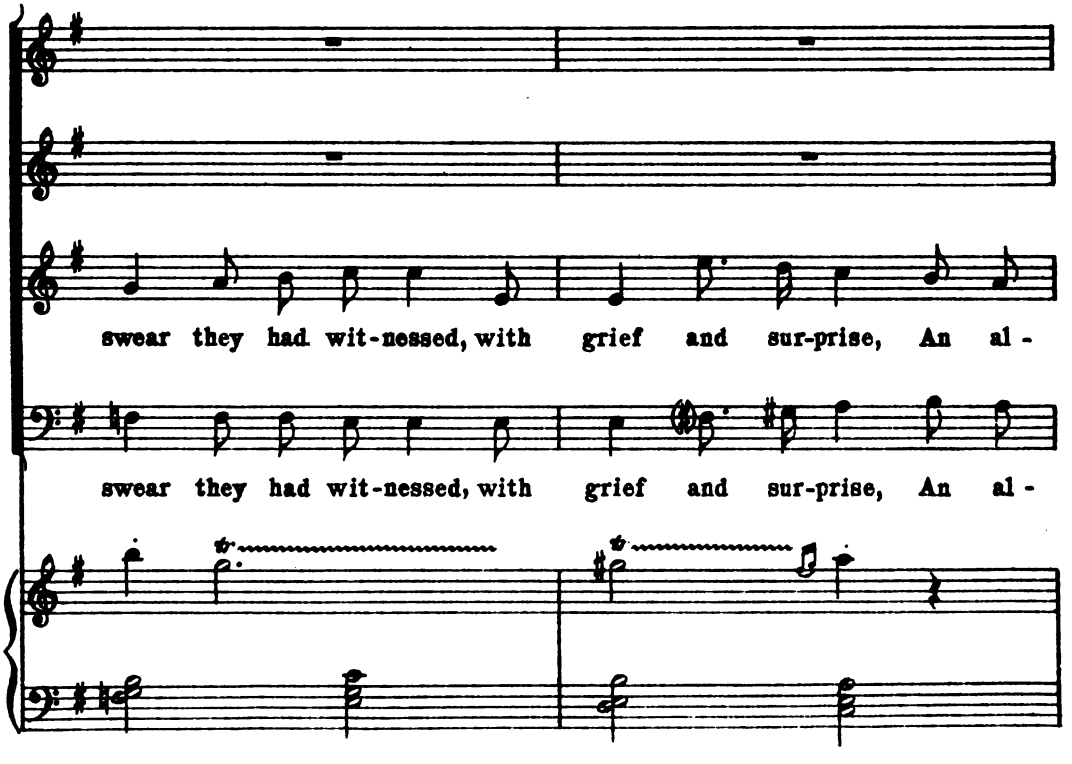
mf

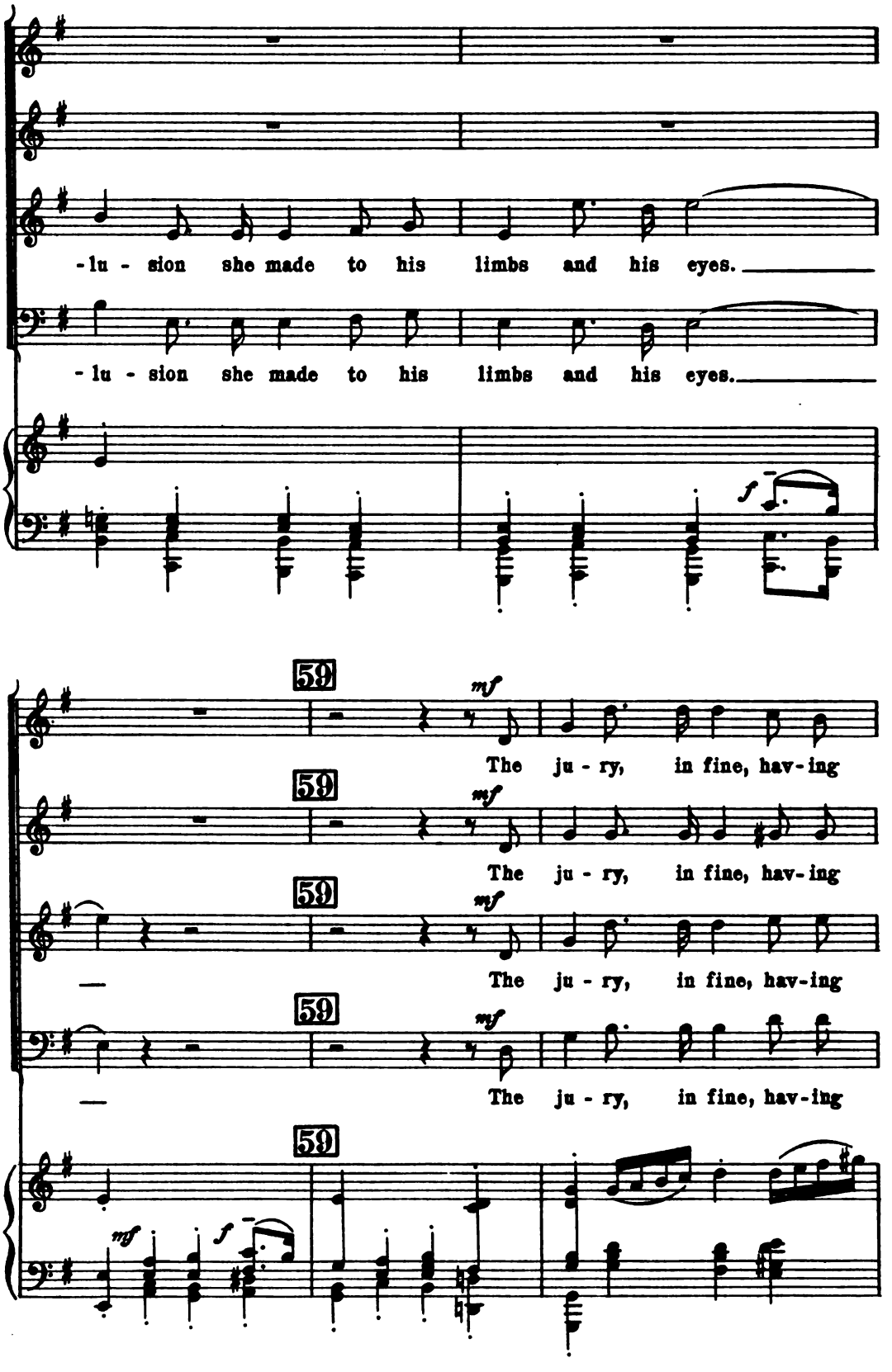
f

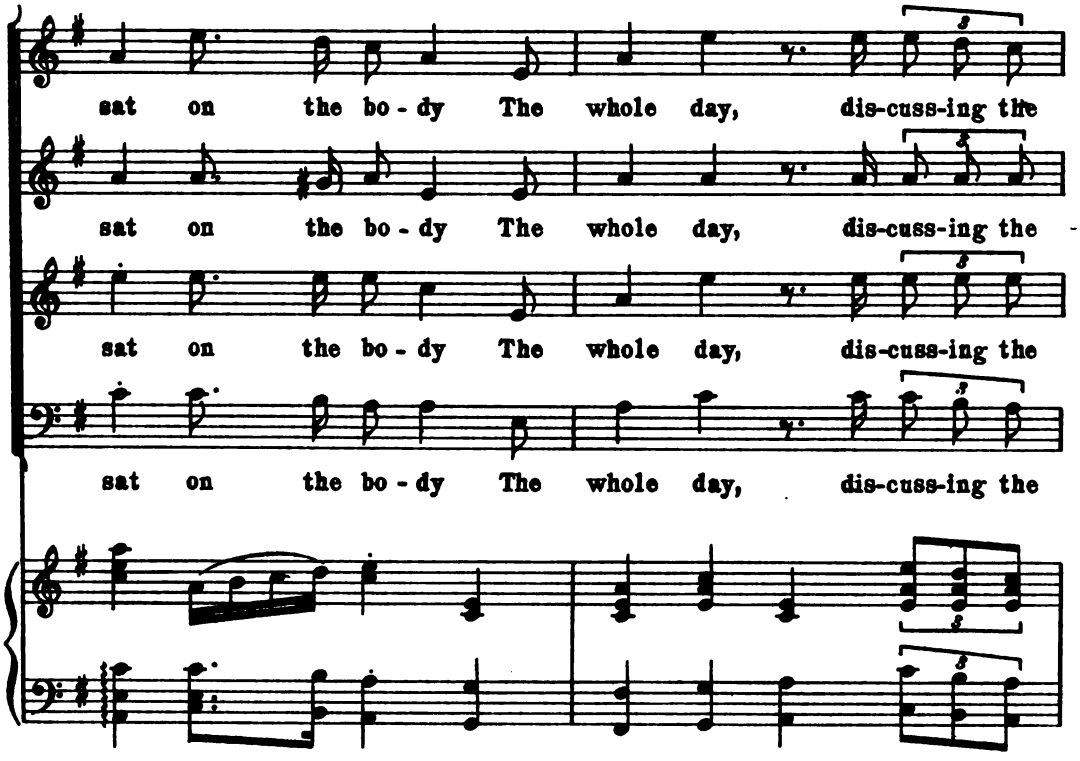
mf

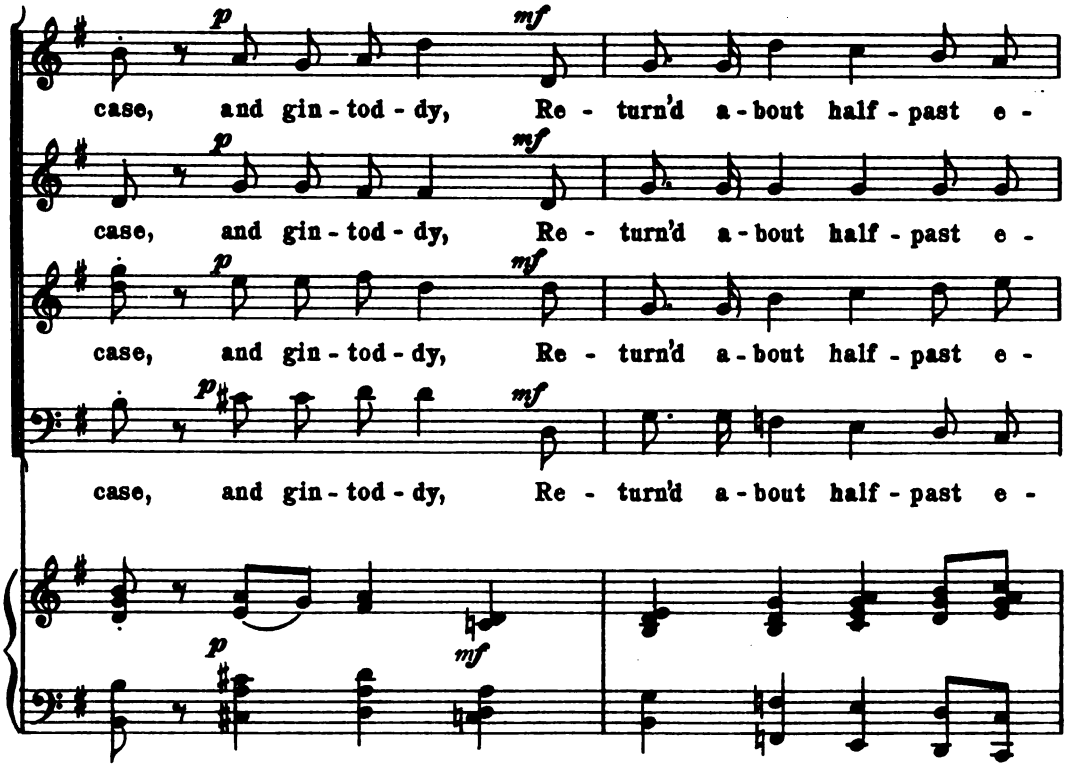

mf
While
-pones to her tones, And her ges-tures, and hints a-bout "break-ing his bones." While
58
Mis - ter Ap Mor - gan, and Mis - ter Ap Rhys De -
Mis - ter Ap Mor - gan, and Mis - ter Ap Rhys De -

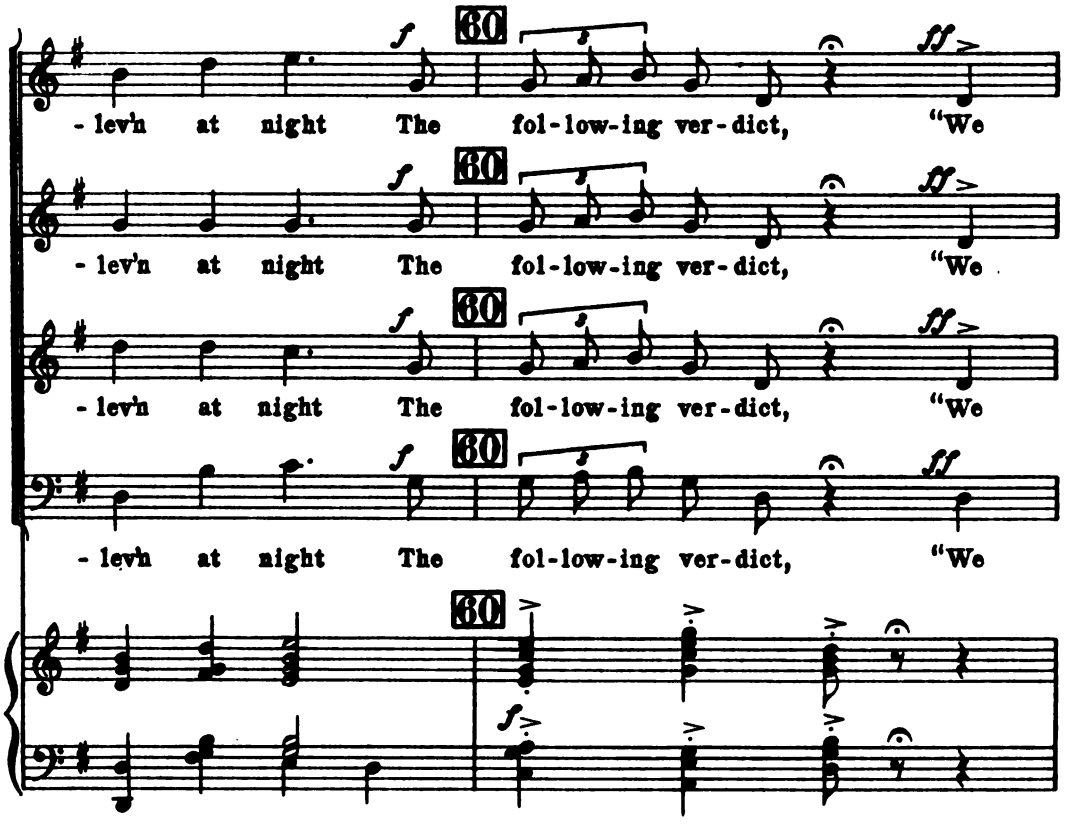

-clared the Deceased Had styled him "a Beast," And
-clared the Deceased Had styled him "a Beast," And

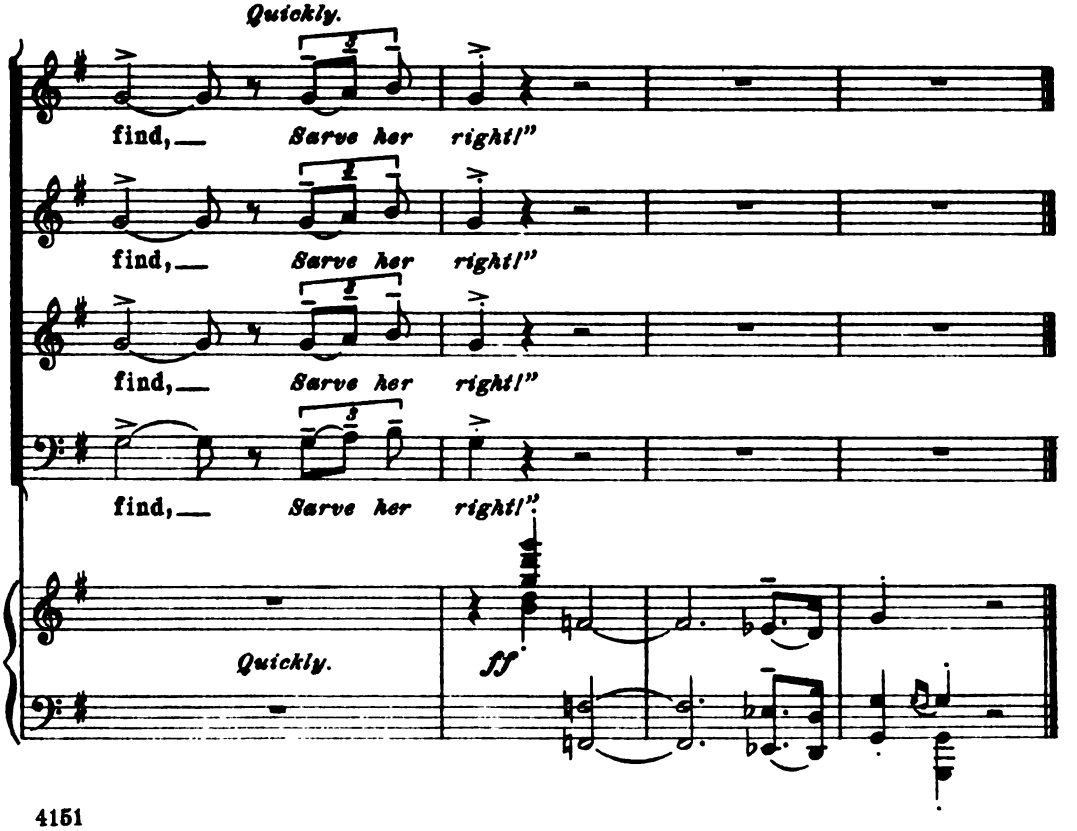

swear they had wit-nessed, with grief and sur-prise, An al-
swear they had wit-nessed, with grief and sur-prise, An al-


-lu - sion she made to his limbs and his eyes.
-lu - sion she made to his limbs and his eyes.
59
mf
The ju - ry, in fine, hav-ing
The ju - ry, in fine, hav-ing
The ju - ry, in fine, hav-ing
The ju - ry, in fine, hav-ing
mf
f

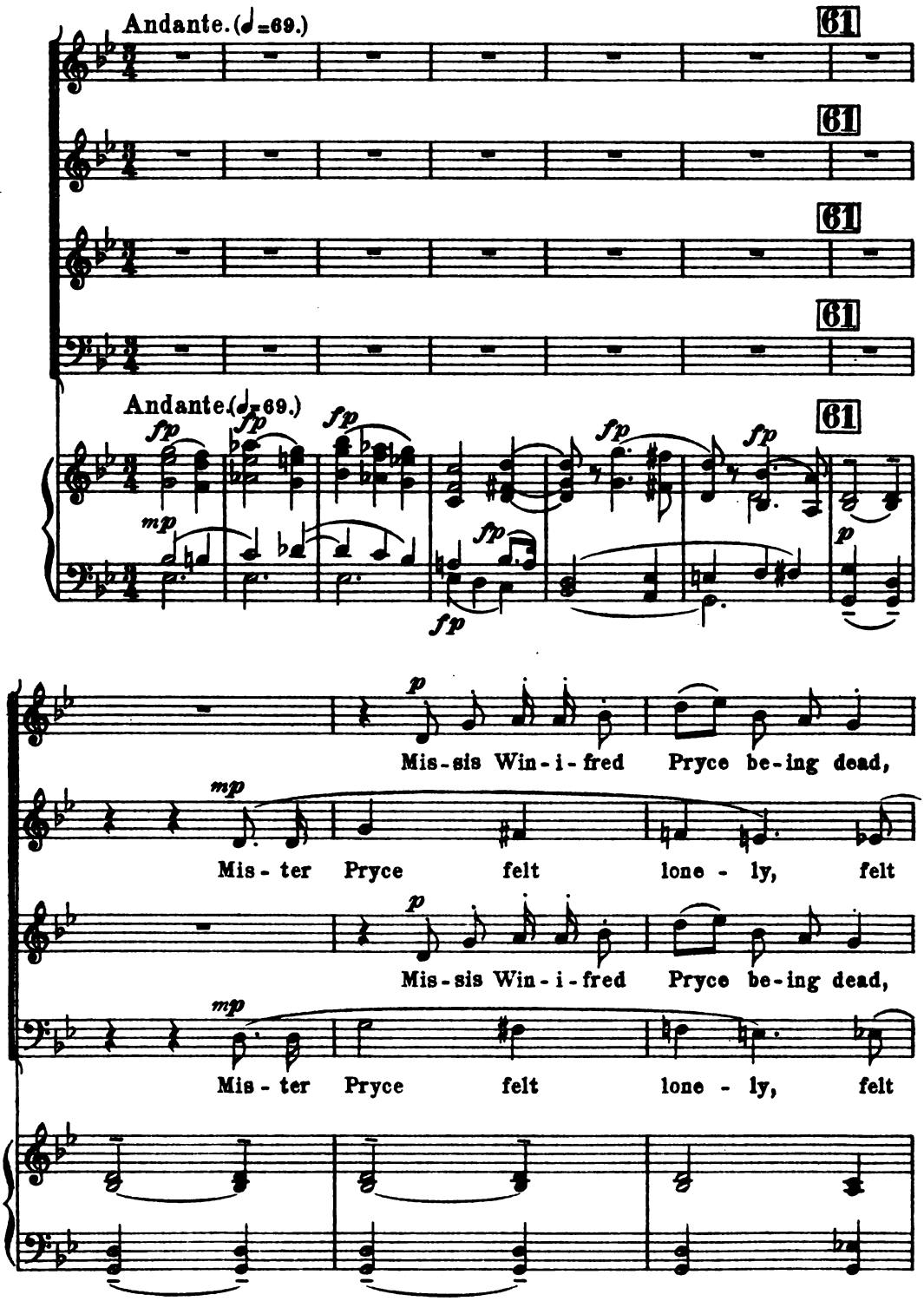

sat on the bo - dy The whole day, dis-cuss-ing the
sat on the bo - dy The whole day, dis-cuss-ing the
sat on the bo - dy The whole day, dis-cuss-ing the
sat on the bo - dy The whole day, dis-cuss-ing the

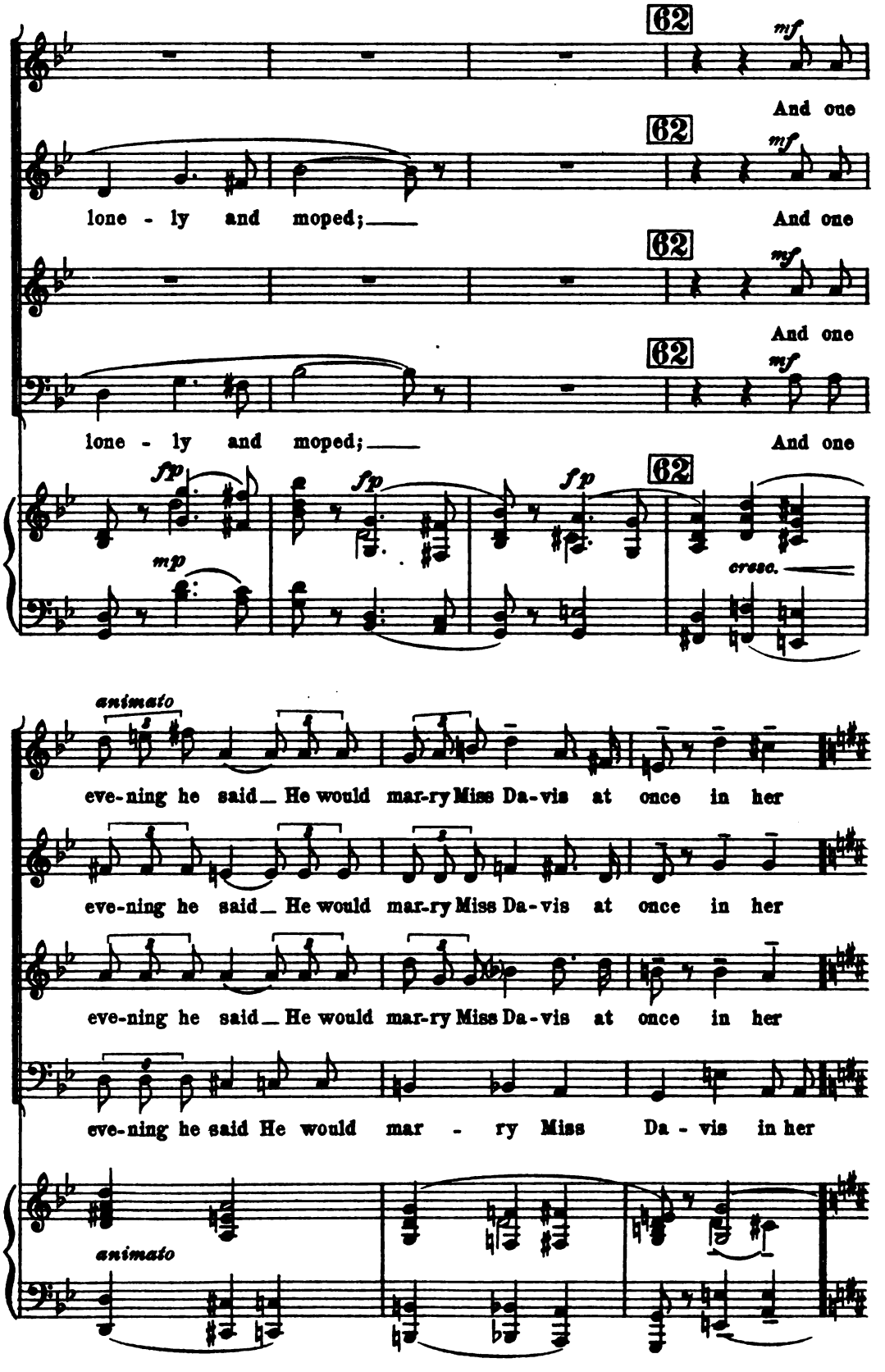

p
mf
case, and gin - tod - dy, Re - turn'd a - bout half - past e -
case, and gin - tod - dy, Re - turn'd a - bout half - past e -
case, and gin - tod - dy, Re - turn'd a - bout half - past e -
case, and gin - tod - dy, Re - turn'd a - bout half - past e -


60
f
ff
- lev'n at night The fol-low-ing ver-dict, "We


Quickly.
find, Serve her right!"
Quickly.
ff

No. 6. CHORUS and SOLI. (Tenor and Contralto.)




62
mf
And one
lone - ly and moped;
And one
And one
lone - ly and moped;
And one
fp
mp
cresc.
animato
eve-ning he said He would mar-ry Miss Da-vis at once in her
eve-ning he said He would mar-ry Miss Da-vis at once in her
eve-ning he said He would mar-ry Miss Da-vis at once in her
eve-ning he said He would mar - ry Miss Da - vis in her
animato

63 64 p

stead. Not

63 64 p

stead. Not

63 64 p

stead. Not

63 64 p

stead. Not

63 64 mp

mf

far from his dwell-ing, From the vale proud-ly swell-ing, Rose a

mf

far from his dwell-ing, From the vale proud-ly swell-ing, Rose a

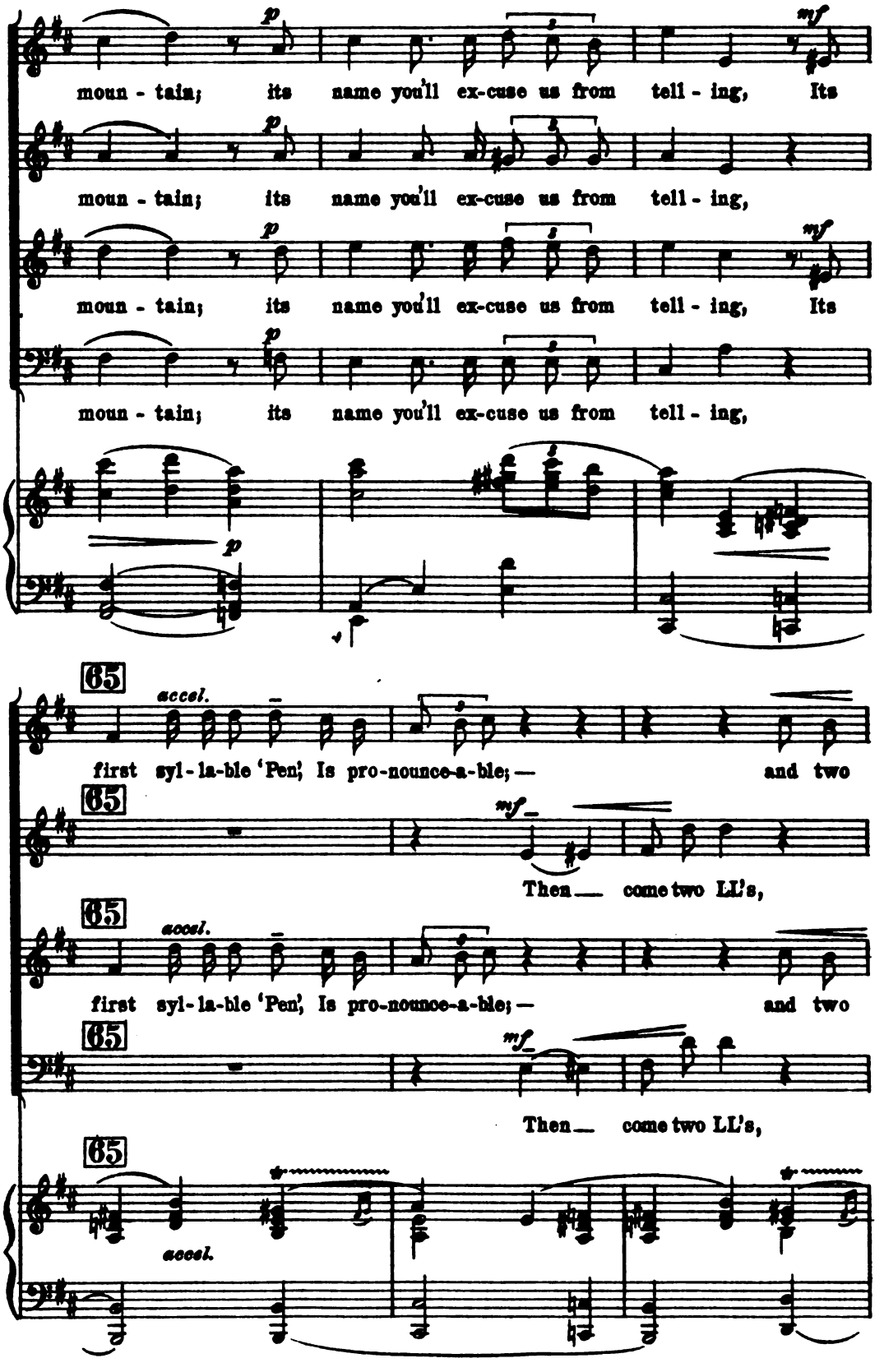
mf

far from his dwell-ing, From the vale proud-ly swell-ing, Rose a

mf

far from his dwell-ing, From the vale proud-ly swell-ing, Rose a

mf


moun - tain; its name you'll ex-cuse us from tell - ing, Its
moun - tain; its name you'll ex-cuse us from tell - ing,
moun - tain; its name you'll ex-cuse us from tell - ing, Its
moun - tain; its name you'll ex-cuse us from tell - ing,
65
accel.
first syl - la-ble 'Pen', Is pro-nounce-a-ble; — and two
Then — come two LL's,
first syl - la-ble 'Pen', Is pro-nounce-a-ble; — and two
Then — come two LL's,
accel.

f *tempo* *mf tranquillo*

HH's, and an N; But we shan't have to mention it

f *tempo* *mf tranquillo*

two FF's, and an N; But we shan't have to mention it

f *tempo* *mf tranquillo*

HH's, and an N; But we shan't have to mention it

f *tempo* *mf tranquillo*

two FF's, and an N; But we shan't have to mention it

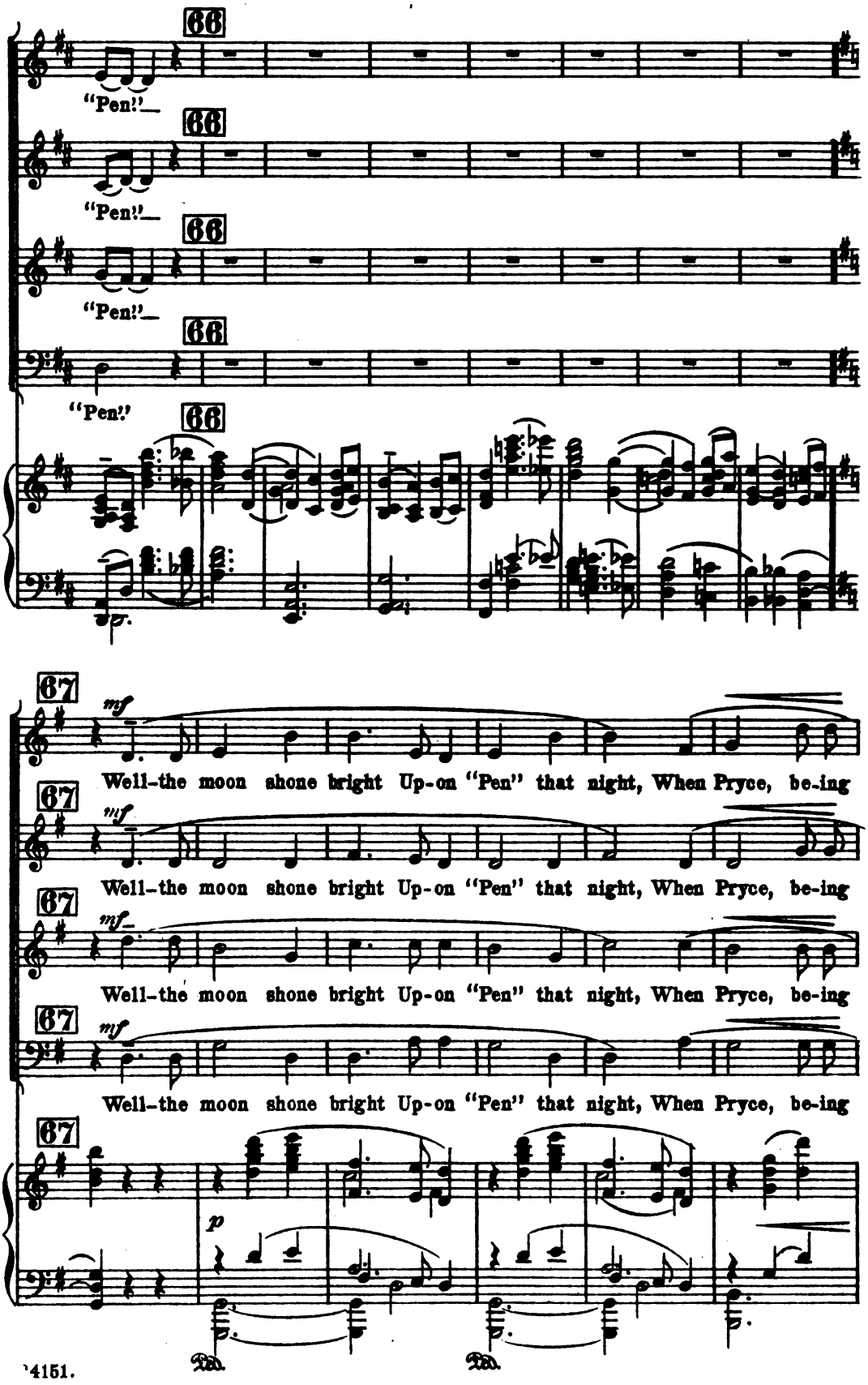
f *tempo* *mf tranquillo*

of-ten, so when We do, with your leave, we'll cur-tail it to

of-ten, so when We do, with your leave, we'll cur-tail it to

of-ten, so when We do, with your leave, we'll cur-tail it to

of-ten, so when We do, with your leave, we'll cur-tail it to


66
"Pen!"
66
"Pen!"
66
"Pen!"
66
"Pen!"
66
67
mf
Well-the moon shone bright Up-on "Pen" that night, When Pryce, be-ing
67
mf
Well-the moon shone bright Up-on "Pen" that night, When Pryce, be-ing
67
mf
Well-the moon shone bright Up-on "Pen" that night, When Pryce, be-ing
67
mf
Well-the moon shone bright Up-on "Pen" that night, When Pryce, be-ing
67
p

68

quit of his fuss and his fright, Was scal-ing its side With that

68

quit of his fuss and his fright, Was scal-ing its side With that

68

quit of his fuss and his fright, Was scal-ing its side With that

68

quit of his fuss and his fright, Was scal-ing its side With that

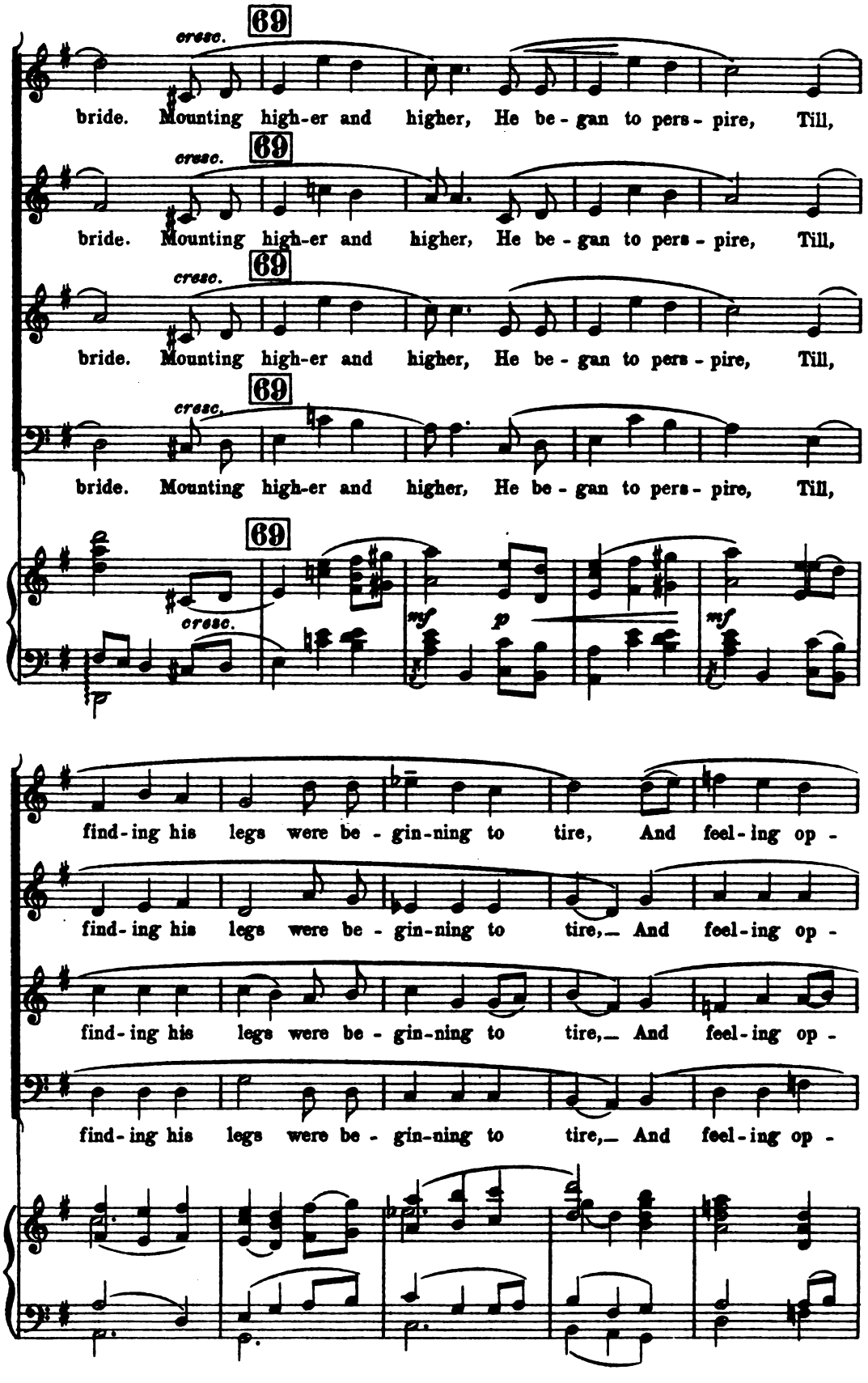
68

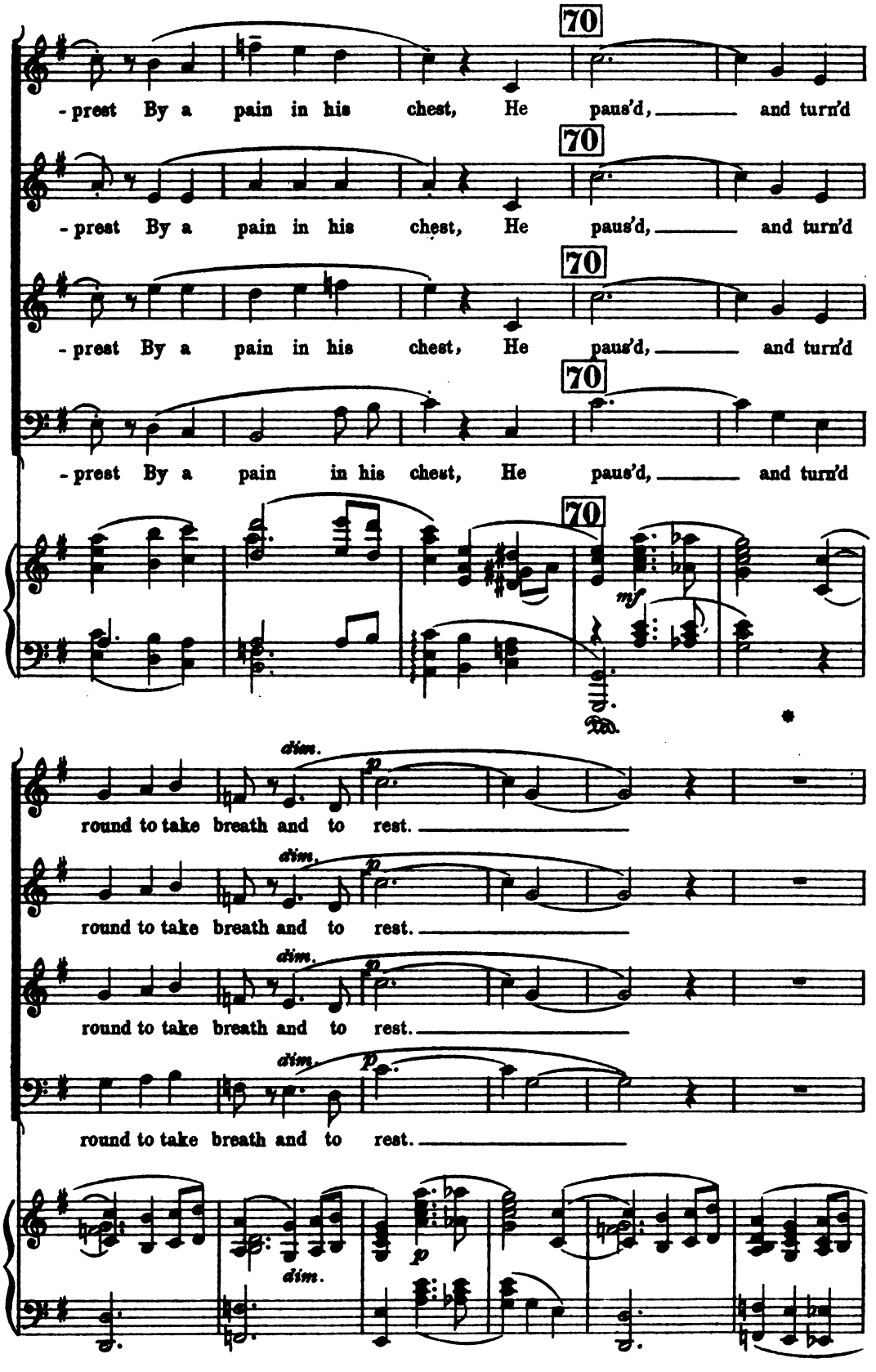
sort of a stride A man puts out when walk-ing in search of a

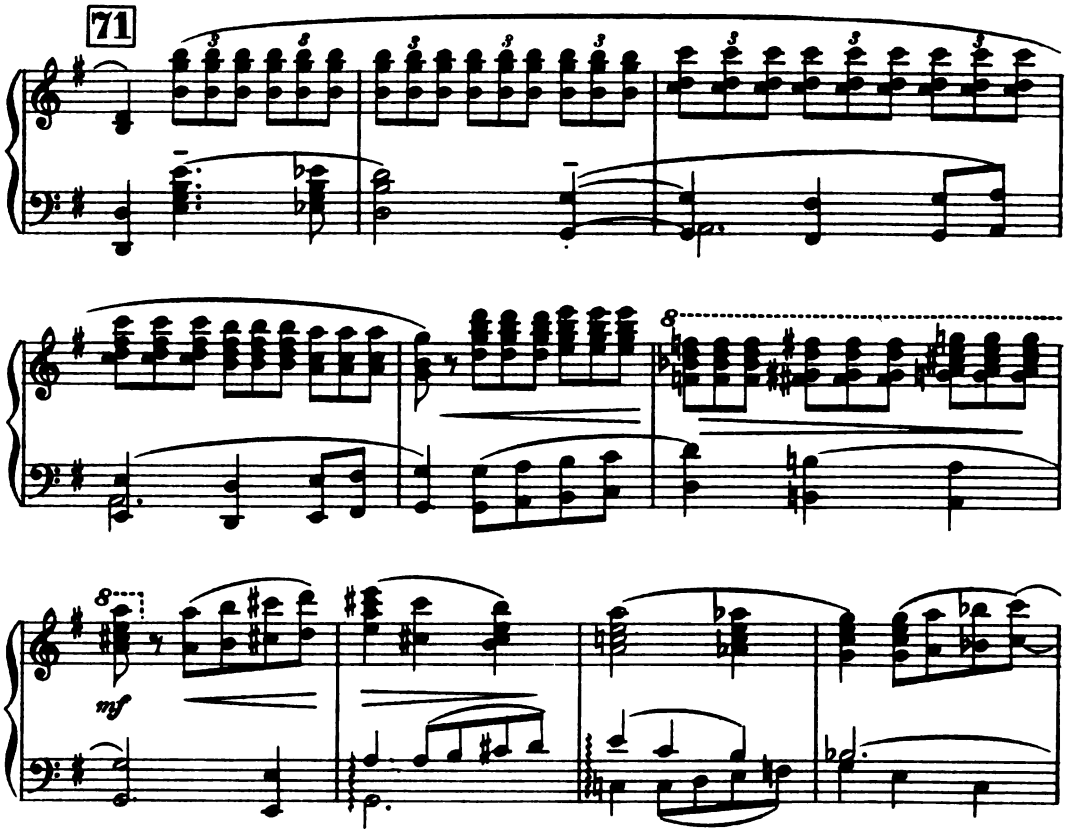
sort of a stride A man puts out when walk-ing in search of a

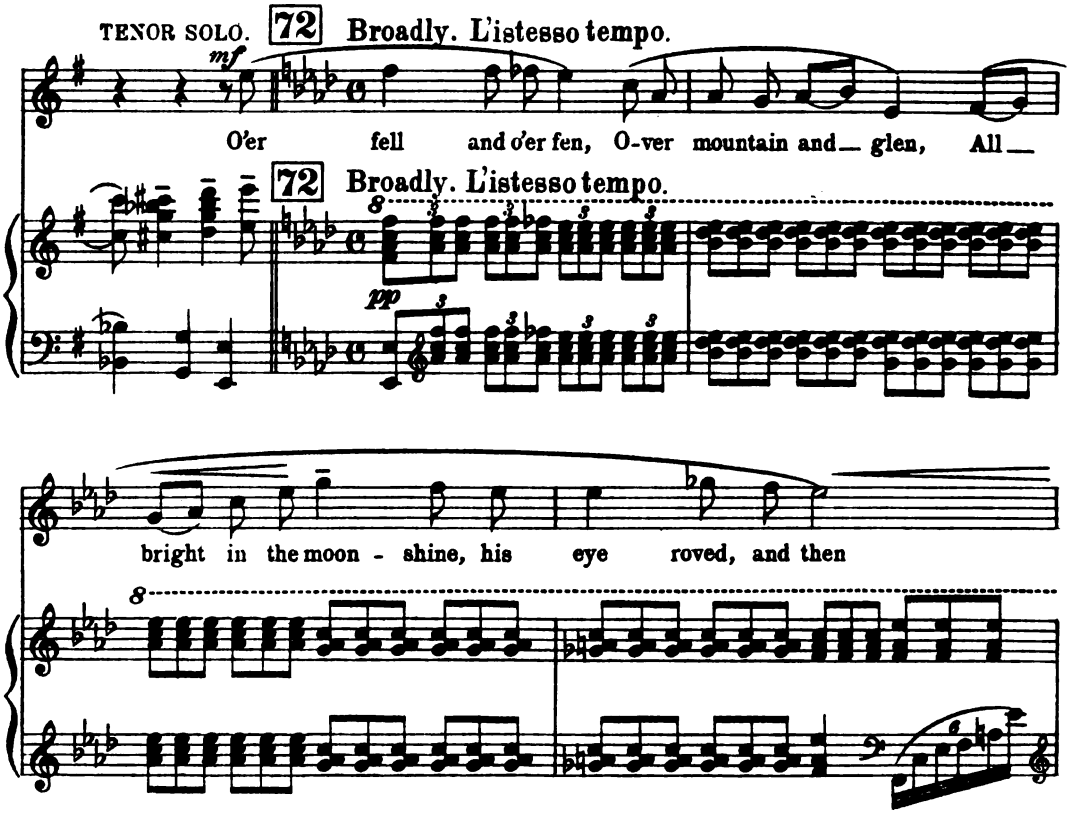
sort of a stride A man puts out when walk-ing in search of a

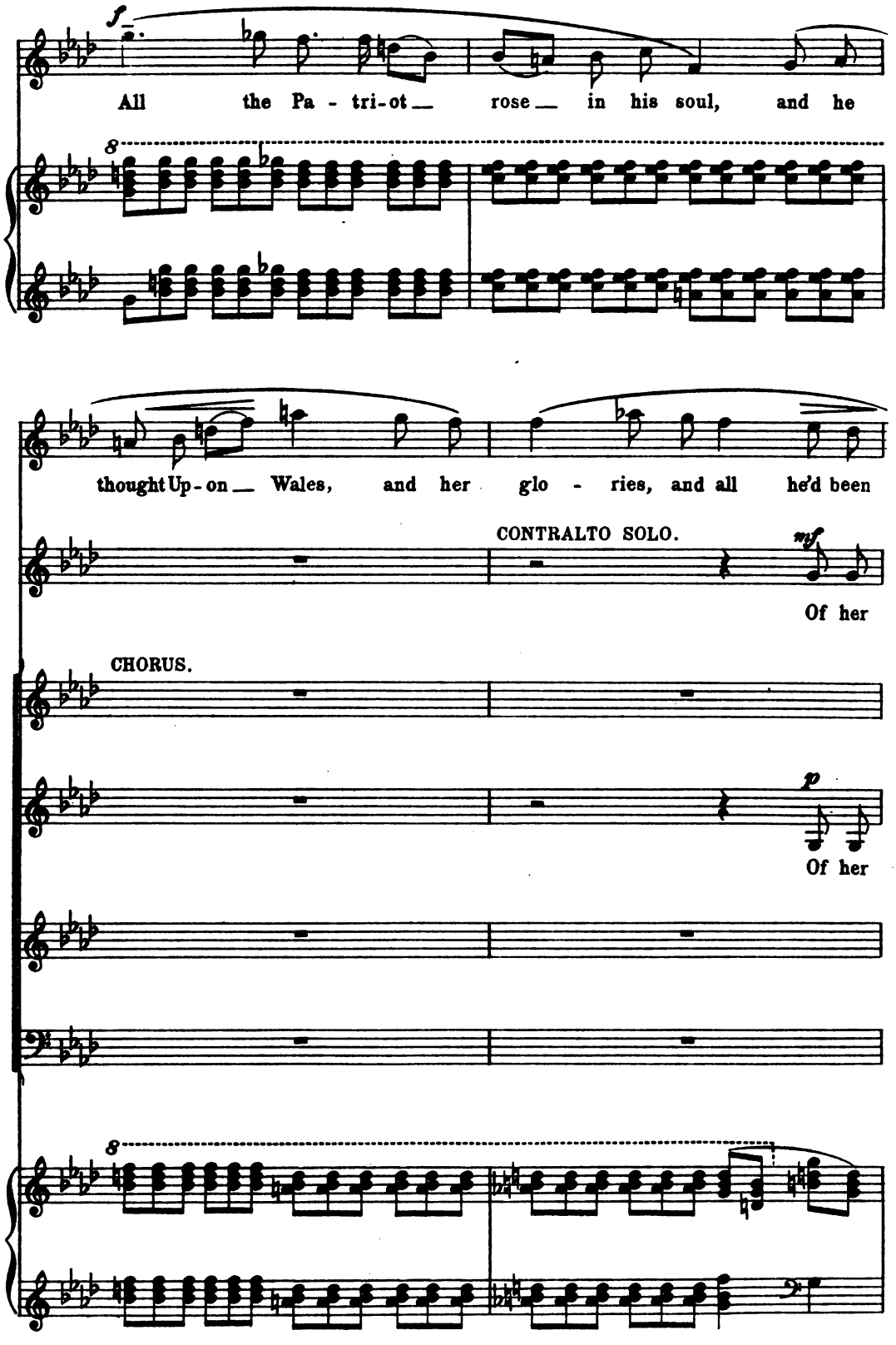
sort of a stride A man puts out when walk-ing in search of a


cresc.
69
bride. Mounting high-er and higher, He be - gan to pers - pire, Till,
bride. Mounting high-er and higher, He be - gan to pers - pire, Till,
bride. Mounting high-er and higher, He be - gan to pers - pire, Till,
bride. Mounting high-er and higher, He be - gan to pers - pire, Till,
mf
p
mf
find - ing his legs were be - gin - ning to tire, And feel - ing op -
find - ing his legs were be - gin - ning to tire, And feel - ing op -
find - ing his legs were be - gin - ning to tire, And feel - ing op -
find - ing his legs were be - gin - ning to tire, And feel - ing op -


70
-prest By a pain in his chest, He paus'd, and turn'd
70
-prest By a pain in his chest, He paus'd, and turn'd
70
-prest By a pain in his chest, He paus'd, and turn'd
70
-prest By a pain in his chest, He paus'd, and turn'd
70
mf
Ped.
dim.
p
round to take breath and to rest.
dim.
p
round to take breath and to rest.
dim.
p
round to take breath and to rest.
dim.
p
round to take breath and to rest.
p
dim.


71
mf


TENOR SOLO.
72 Broadly. L'istesso tempo.
mf
O'er fell and o'er fen, O-ver mountain and glen, All
72 Broadly. L'istesso tempo.
pp
bright in the moon - shine, his eye roved, and then


All the Pa - tri-ot rose in his soul, and he
thought Up-on Wales, and her glo - ries, and all he'd been
CONTRALTO SOLO.
Of her
CHORUS.
Of her

73

taught. —

73

he - roes of old, So brave and so bold,– Of her

73

73

he - roes of old, So brave and so bold,–

73

73

mp

Of her

73

Bards with long beards, and harps mount-ed in gold; —

mp

And

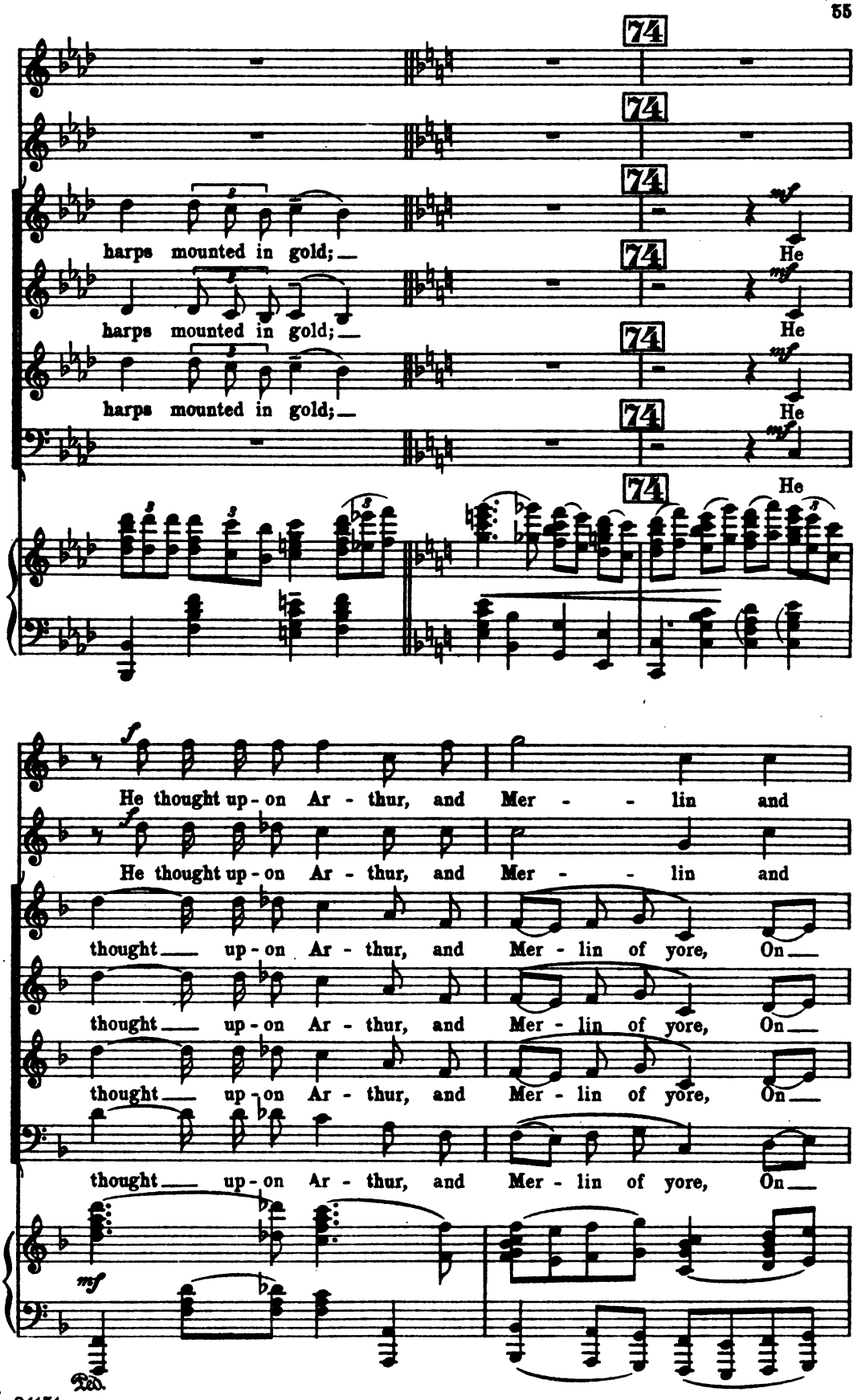
mp

And

mp

And

Bards with long beards, and harps mount-ed in gold; —


74
harps mounted in gold;
He
He thought up-on Ar-thur, and Mer-lin and
thought up-on Ar-thur, and Mer-lin of yore, On

Ow - en Glen - dour:

Ow - - en Glen - dour:

Gryf - fith ap Co - nan and Ow - en Glen - dour: On

Gryf - fith ap Co - nan and Ow - en Glen - dour: On

Gryf - fith ap Co - nan and Ow - en Glen - dour: On

Gryf - fith ap Co - nan and Ow - en Glen - dour: On

f

On Pen - dra - - - -

f

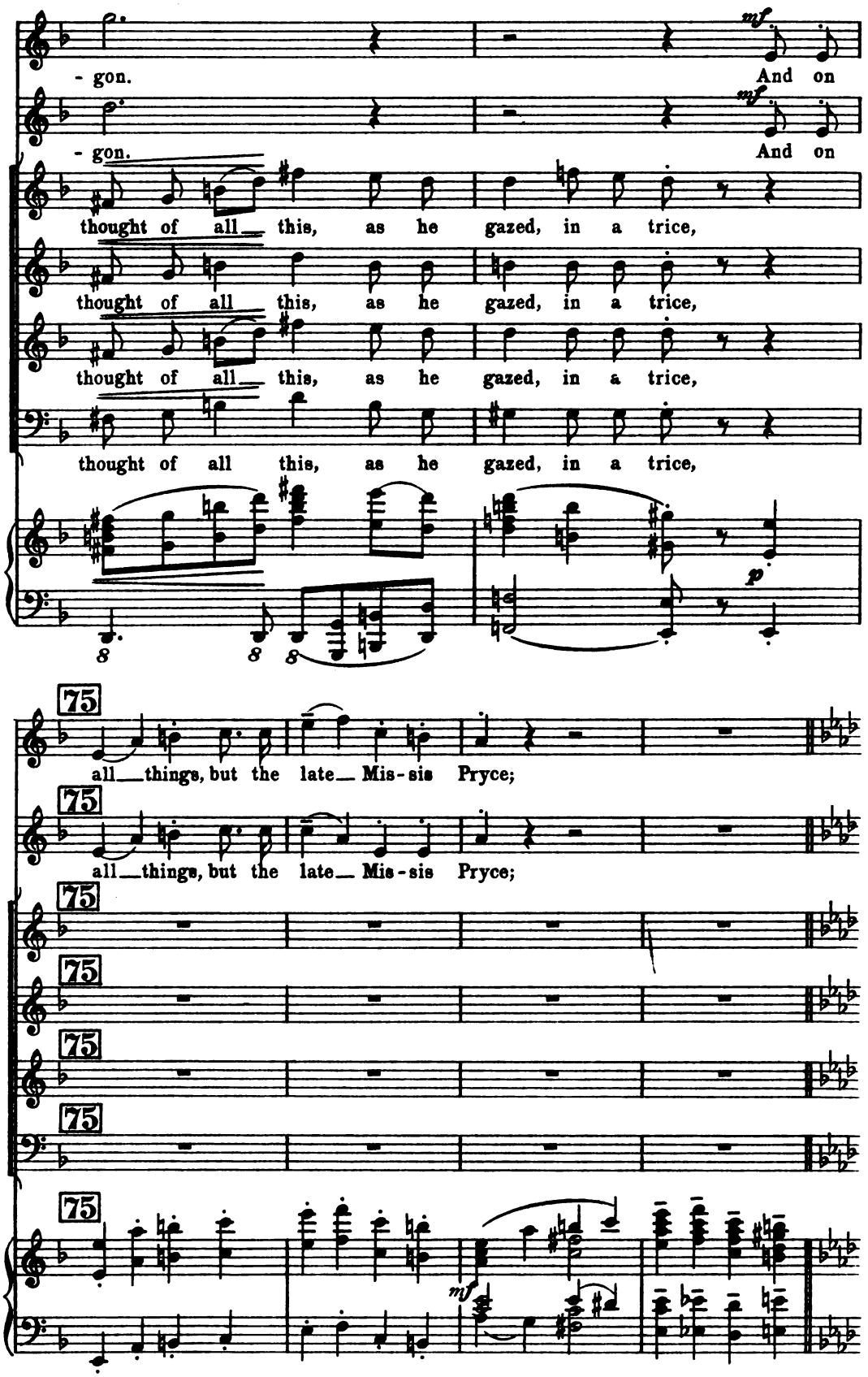
On Pen - dra - - - -

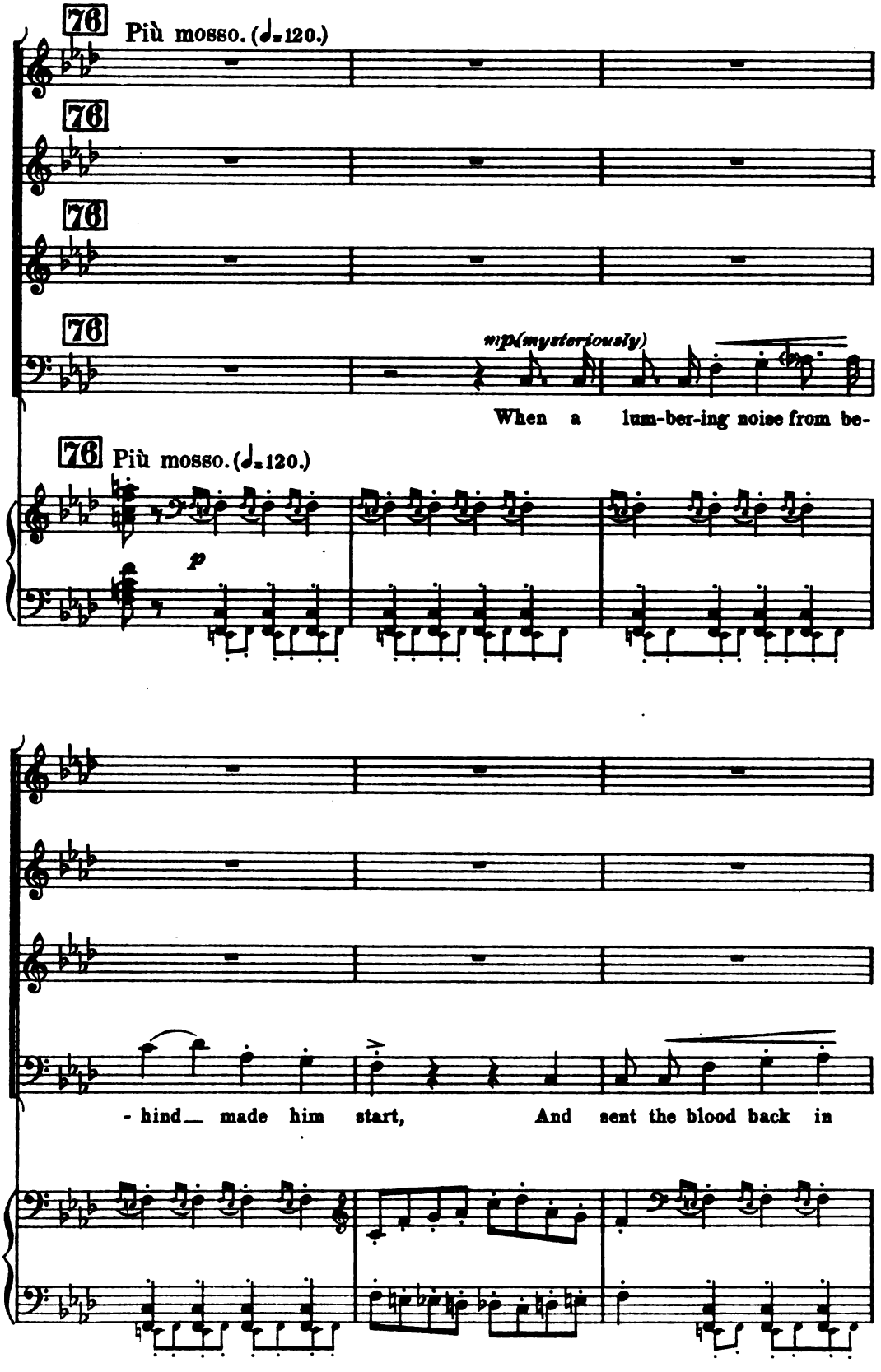
Pen - dra - gon, and Heav'n knows how ma - ny more. He

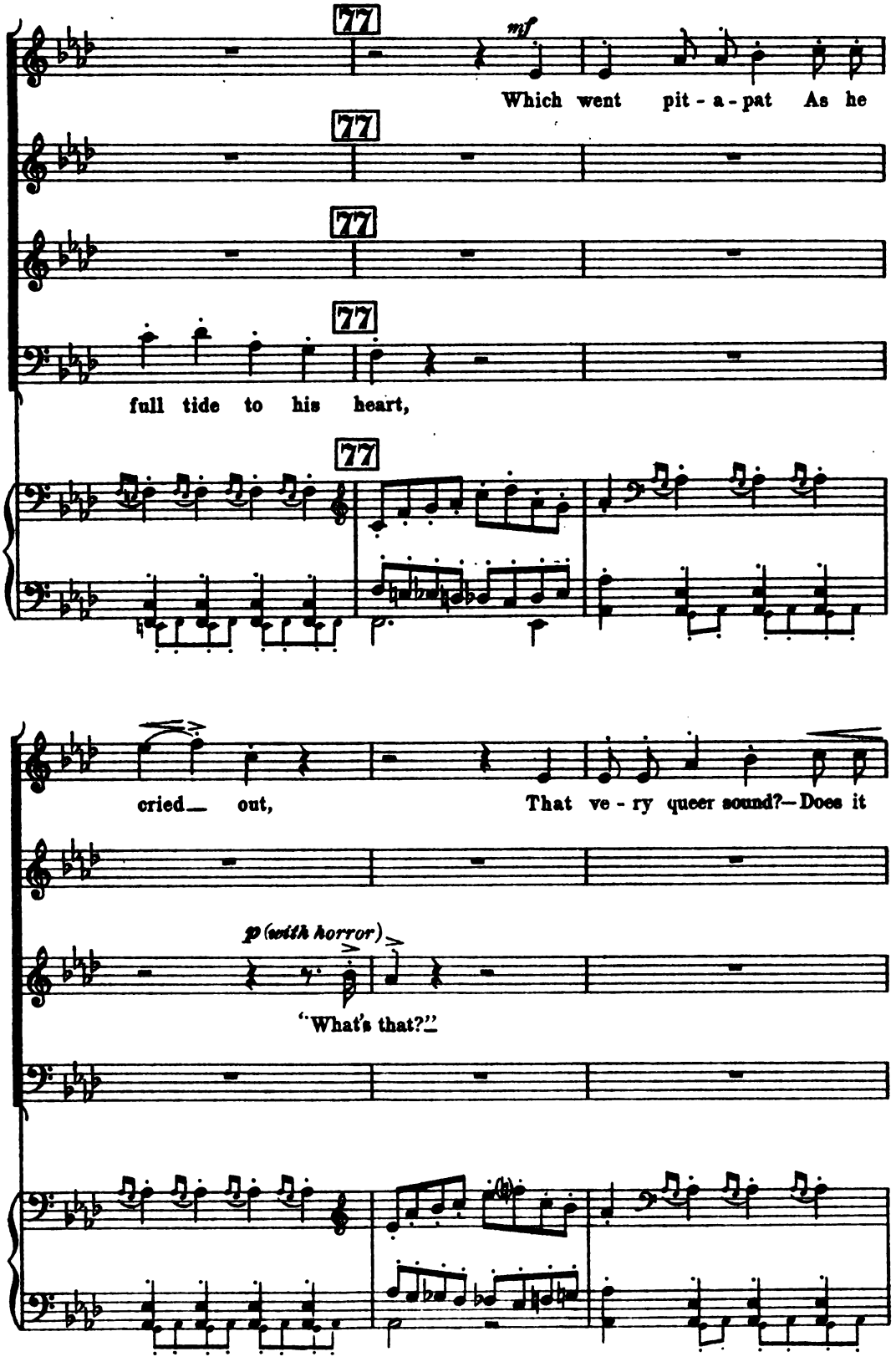
Pen - dra - gon, and Heav'n knows how ma - ny more. He

Pen - dra - gon, and Heav'n knows how ma - ny more. He

Pen - dra - gon, and Heav'n knows how ma - ny more. He


- gon.
And on
- gon.
And on
thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
mf
p
75
all things, but the late Mis-sis Pryce;
all things, but the late Mis-sis Pryce;
mf


76
Più mosso. (♩=120.)
76
76
76
mp (mysteriously)
When a lum-ber-ing noise from be-
76
Più mosso. (♩=120.)
p
- hind made him start, And sent the blood back in


77
mf
Which went pit - a - pat As he
full tide to his heart,
cried out,
That ve - ry queer sound?—Does it
p (with horror)
"What's that?"

78

mp

come— from the ground?— from a-bove,—

78

mp

from a-bove,—

78

mp

Or the air,— or be-

78

mp

Or the air,— or be-

78

or a-round?— *mf* It is not like Walk-ing, It's—

or a-round?— *mf* It is not like Walk-ing, It's—

- low,— *mf* It is not like Talk-ing, It's—

- low,— *mf* It is not like Talk-ing,

accel. poco a poco.

not like the clatt'ring of pot or of pan,

not like the clatt'ring of pot or of pan, Or the tramp of a horse,

not like the clatt'ring of pot or of pan, Or the tramp of a horse,

mf

or the

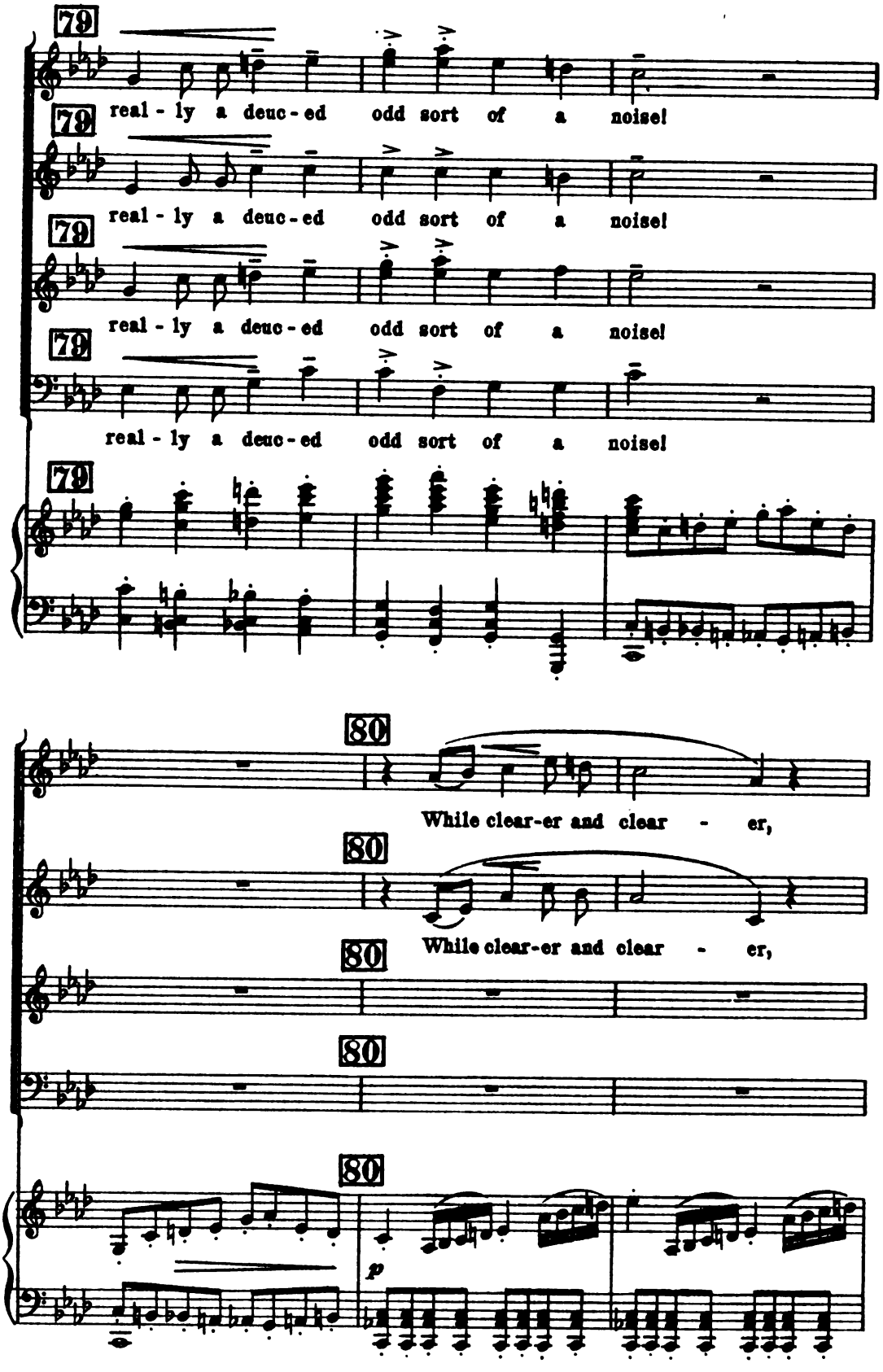
accel. poco a poco.

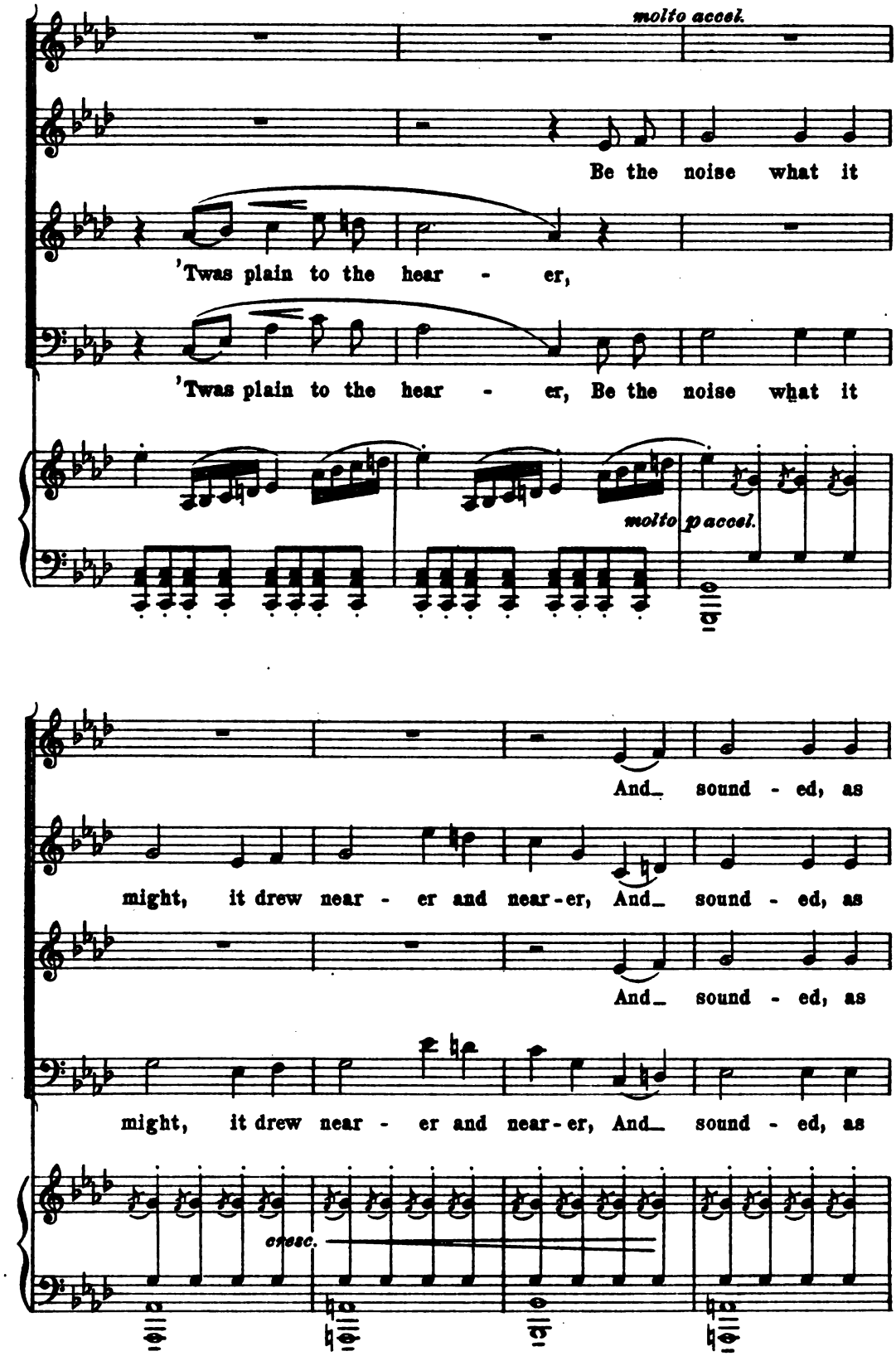
Or the hum of a crowd, It's

or the shout-ing of boys, It's

or the shout-ing of boys, It's

tread of a man, It's


79
real - ly a deuc - ed odd sort of a noise!
79
real - ly a deuc - ed odd sort of a noise!
79
real - ly a deuc - ed odd sort of a noise!
79
real - ly a deuc - ed odd sort of a noise!
79
80
While clear-er and clear - er,
80
While clear-er and clear - er,
80
80
80
p


molto accel.
Be the noise what it
'Twas plain to the hear - er,
'Twas plain to the hear - er, Be the noise what it
molto p accel.
And sound - ed, as
might, it drew near - er and near-er, And sound - ed, as
And sound - ed, as
might, it drew near - er and near-er, And sound - ed, as
cresc.

Pryce to this mo - ment de - clares, Ve-ry much 'like a

Pryce to this mo - ment de - clares, Ve-ry much 'like a

Pryce to this mo - ment de - clares, Ve-ry much 'like a

Pryce to this mo - ment de - clares, Ve-ry much 'like a

sf *p*

81 Più mosso ma moderato. (♩. = 120.)

cof-fin a-walking up- 81 - stairs! Mis-ter

cof-fin a-walking up - - stairs! Mis-ter

cof-fin a-walking up- 81 - stairs! Mis-ter

cof-fin a-walking up - - stairs!

81 Più mosso ma moderato. (♩. = 120.)

mf

Pryce had be-gun To 'make up' for a run, As in such a com-pan-ion he

Pryce had be-gun To 'make up' for a run, As in such a com-pan-ion he

Pryce had be-gun To 'make up' for a run, As in such a com-pan-ion he

As in such a com-pan-ion he

82

saw no great fun,

82

saw no great fun,

82

saw no great fun,

82

saw no great fun, When a sin-gle bright ray Shone out on the way He had

82

and he saw, with no lit-tle dismay, Com-ing af-ter him, bounding o'er

Com-ing af-ter him, bounding o'er

and he saw, with no lit-tle dismay, Com-ing af-ter him, bounding o'er

passed,

p (With whispered horror)

crag and o'er rock, The de-ceased Mis-sis Win-i-fred's "Grandmother's Clock!"

p (With whispered horror)

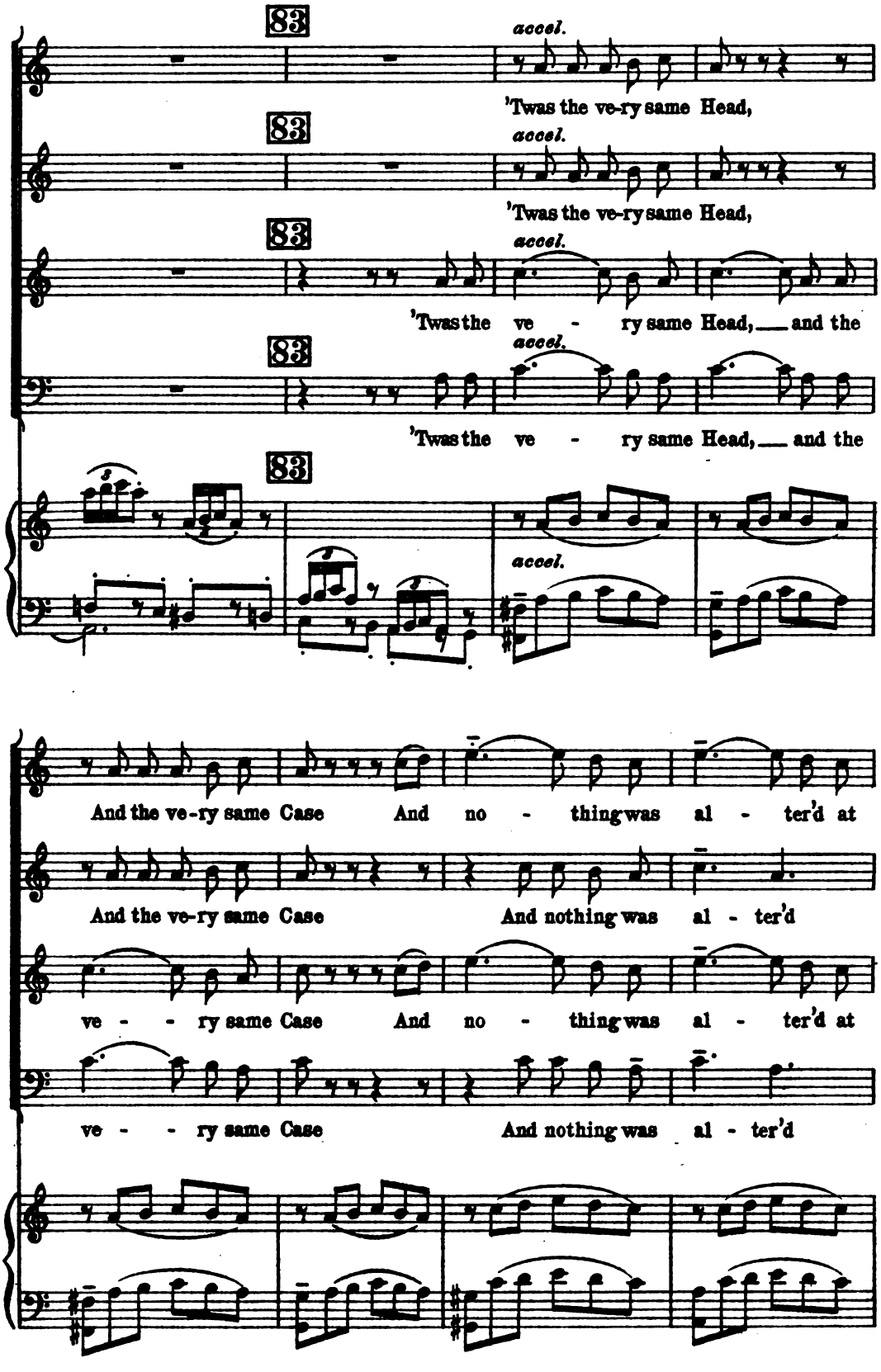
crag and o'er rock, The de-ceased Mis-sis Win-i-fred's "Grandmother's Clock!"

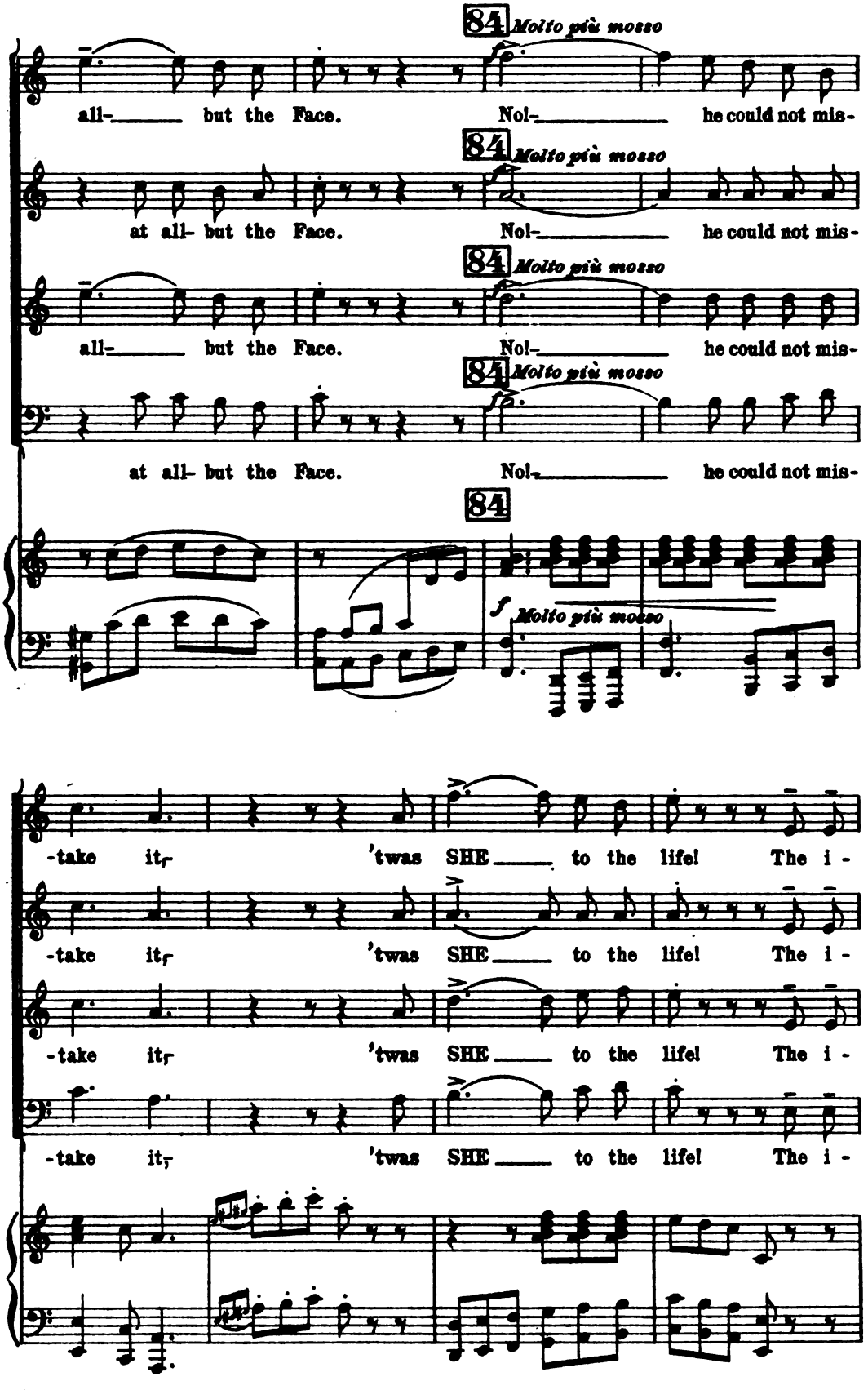
p (With whispered horror)

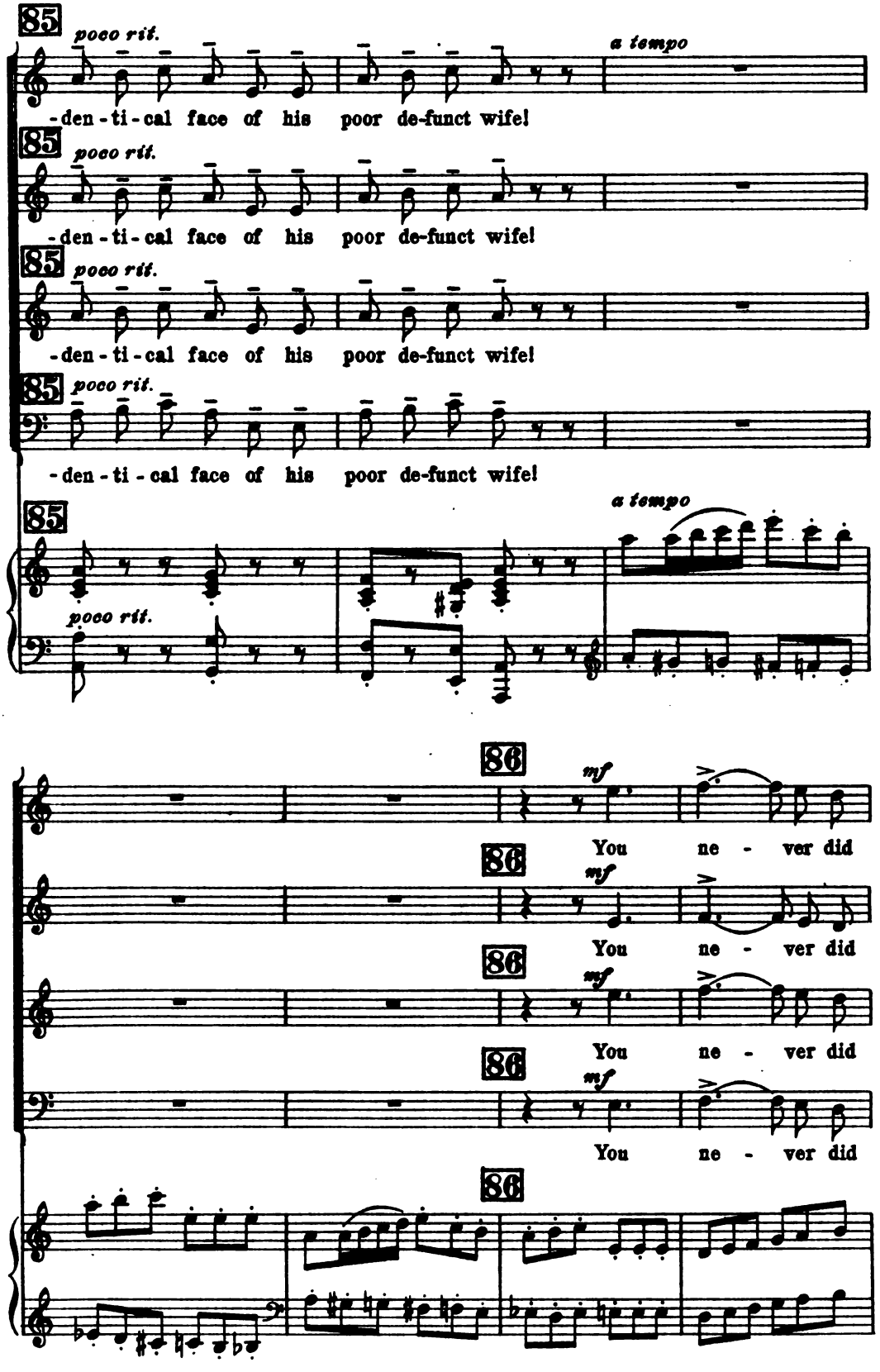
crag and o'er rock, The de-ceased Mis-sis Win-i-fred's "Grandmother's Clock!"

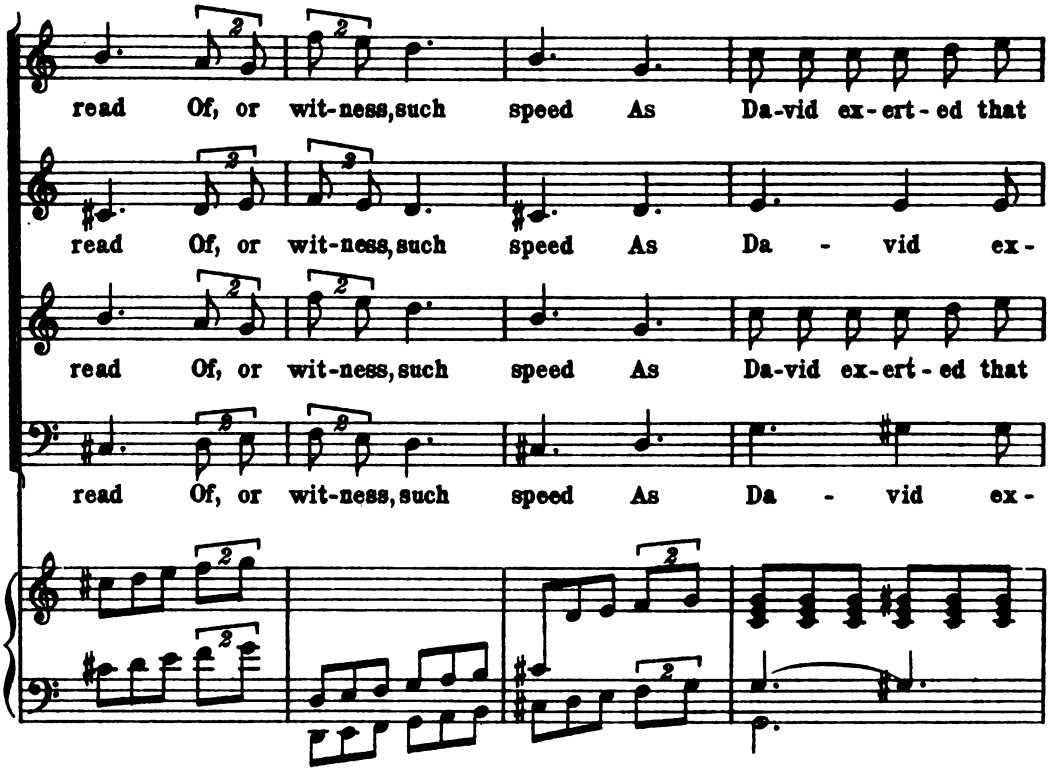
p (With whispered horror)

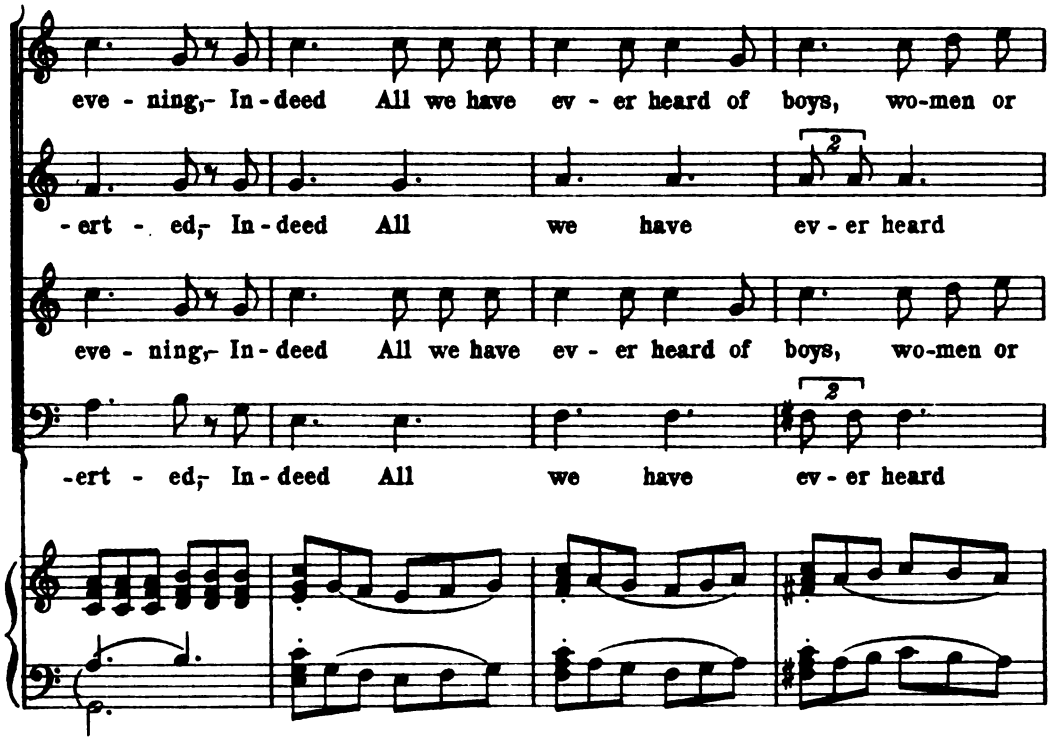
The de-ceased Mis-sis Win-i-fred's "Grandmother's Clock!"


83
accel.
'Twas the ve-ry same Head,
'Twas the ve-ry same Head,
'Twas the ve - ry same Head, and the
'Twas the ve - ry same Head, and the
And the ve-ry same Case And no - thing was al - ter'd at
And the ve-ry same Case And nothing was al - ter'd
ve - - ry same Case And no - thing was al - ter'd at
ve - - ry same Case And nothing was al - ter'd


84
Molto più mosso
all- but the Face. No!- he could not mis-
at all- but the Face. No!- he could not mis-
all- but the Face. No!- he could not mis-
at all- but the Face. No!- he could not mis-
-take it, 'twas SHE to the life! The i-
-take it, 'twas SHE to the life! The i-
-take it, 'twas SHE to the life! The i-
-take it, 'twas SHE to the life! The i-


85
poco rit.
a tempo
-den - ti - cal face of his poor de-funct wife!
85
poco rit.
-den - ti - cal face of his poor de-funct wife!
85
poco rit.
-den - ti - cal face of his poor de-funct wife!
85
poco rit.
-den - ti - cal face of his poor de-funct wife!
85
poco rit.
a tempo
86
mf
You ne - ver did
86
mf
You ne - ver did
86
mf
You ne - ver did
86
mf
You ne - ver did
86


read Of, or wit-ness, such speed As Da-vid ex-ert-ed that
read Of, or wit-ness, such speed As Da - vid ex-
read Of, or wit-ness, such speed As Da-vid ex-ert-ed that
read Of, or wit-ness, such speed As Da - vid ex-


eve - ning,- In-deed All we have ev - er heard of boys, wo-men or
-ert - ed,- In-deed All we have ev-er heard
eve - ning,- In-deed All we have ev - er heard of boys, wo-men or
-ert - ed,- In-deed All we have ev-er heard

men, Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran— o-ver "PEN!"

of Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran— o-ver "PEN!"

men, Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran— o-ver "PEN!"

of Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran— o-ver "PEN!"

87

88 Più mosso. (♩=84.)

mf

He has past it,

88

mf

He reach-es its brow,— He has past it,

88

mf

He has past it,

88

mf

He reach-es its brow,— He has past it,

88 Più mosso. (♩=84.)

8

mf

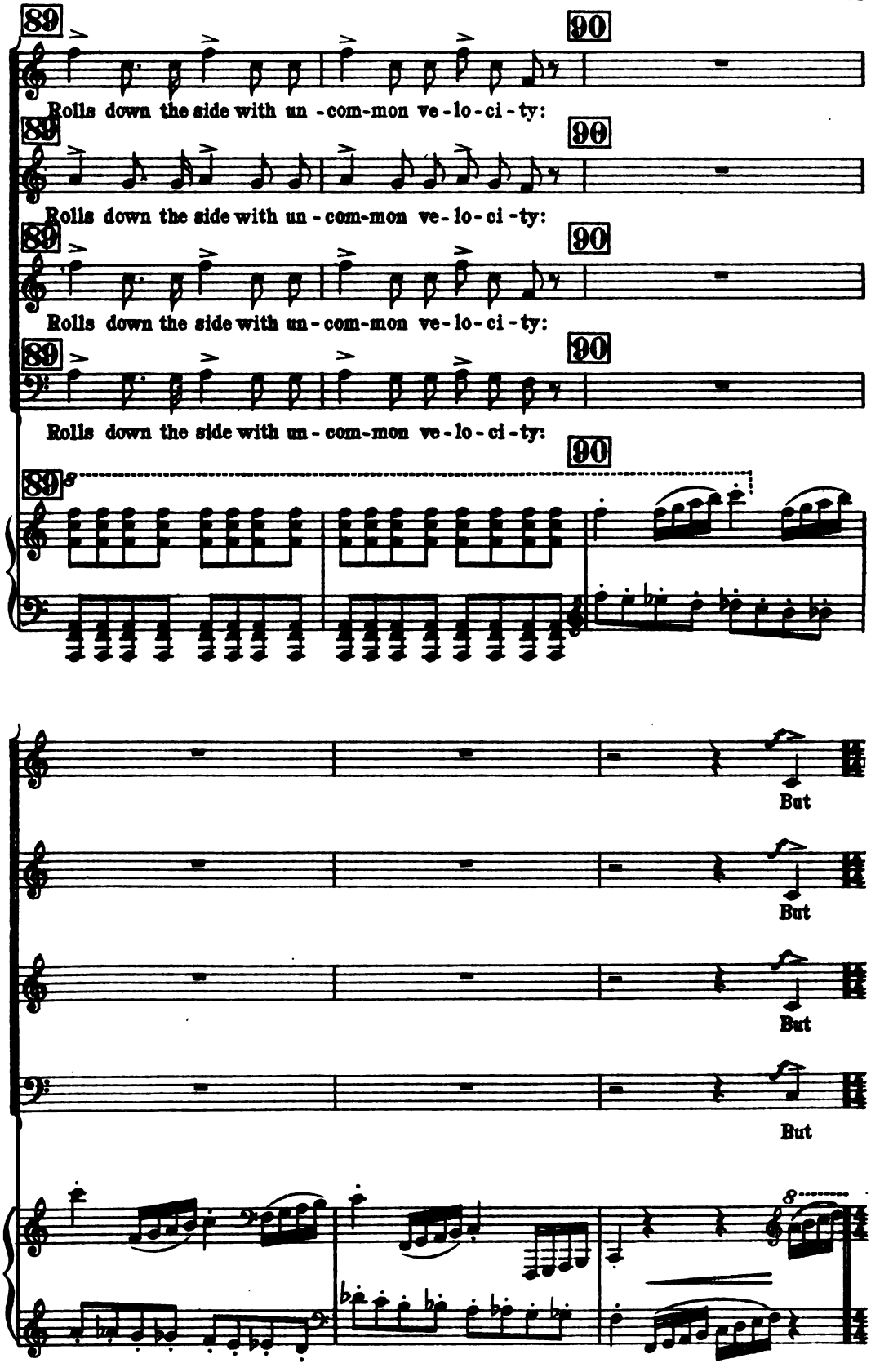
and now Hav-ing once gain'd the summit, and managed to cross it, he

and now Hav-ing once gain'd the summit, and managed to cross it, he

and now Hav-ing once gain'd the summit, and managed to cross it, he

and now Hav-ing once gain'd the summit, and managed to cross it, he

8


89
90
Rolls down the side with un - com-mon ve - lo - ci - ty:
But

Much slower and deliberately. (♩=96.)

run as he will, Or roll down the hill, The bug-bear be-hind him is

run as he will, Or roll down the hill, The bug-bear be-hind him is

run as he will, Or roll down the hill, The bug-bear be-hind him is

run as he will, Or roll down the hill, The bug-bear be-hind him is

Much slower and deliberately. (♩=96.)

8

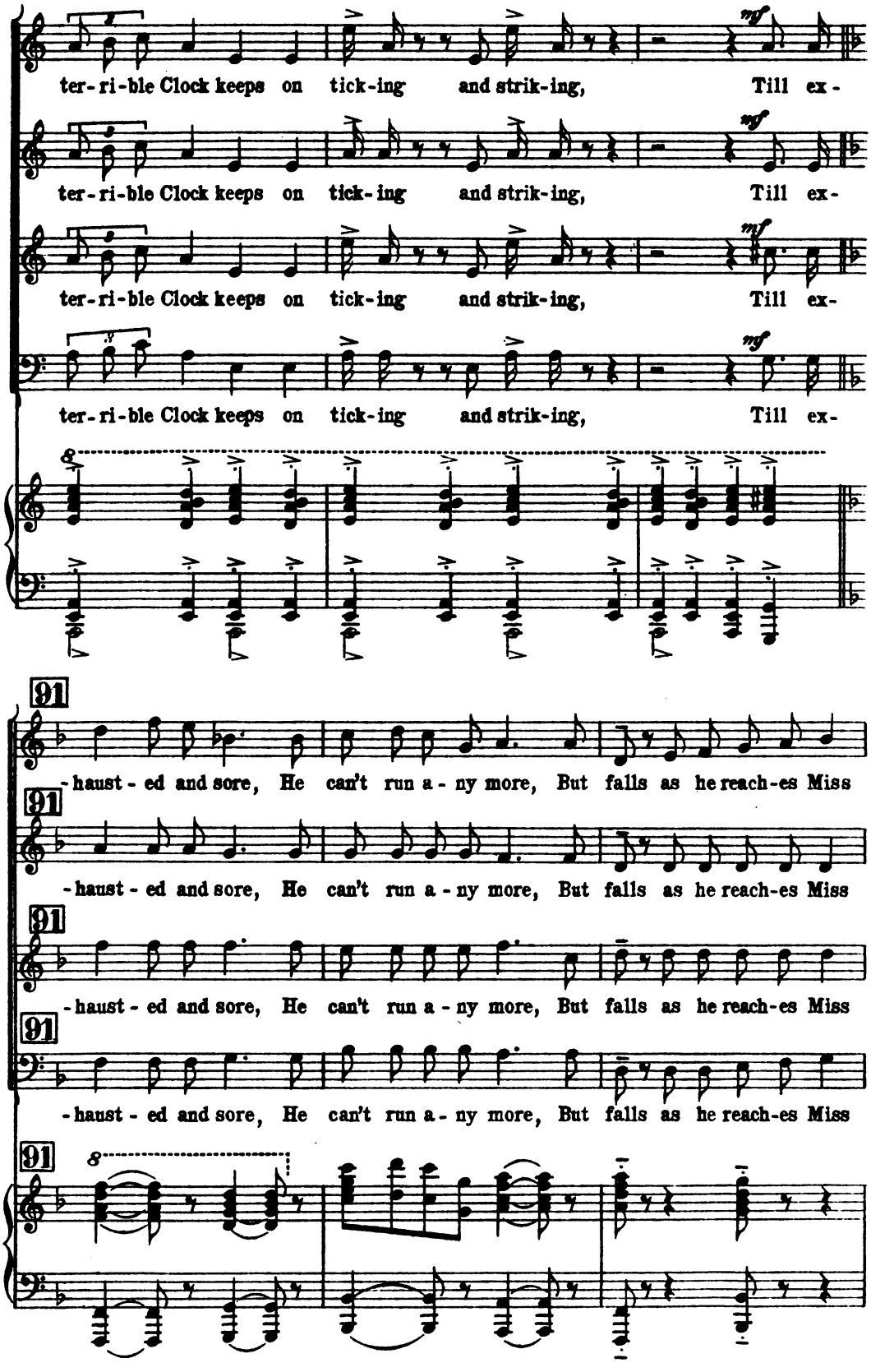
af - ter him still! And close at his heels, not at all to his lik-ing, The

af - ter him still! And close at his heels, not at all to his lik-ing, The

af - ter him still! And close at his heels, not at all to his lik-ing, The

af - ter him still! And close at his heels, not at all to his lik-ing, The

8


ter-ri-ble Clock keeps on tick-ing and strik-ing, Till ex-
ter-ri-ble Clock keeps on tick-ing and strik-ing, Till ex-
ter-ri-ble Clock keeps on tick-ing and strik-ing, Till ex-
ter-ri-ble Clock keeps on tick-ing and strik-ing, Till ex-
mf
91
-haust-ed and sore, He can't run a-ny more, But falls as he reach-es Miss
-haust-ed and sore, He can't run a-ny more, But falls as he reach-es Miss
-haust-ed and sore, He can't run a-ny more, But falls as he reach-es Miss
-haust-ed and sore, He can't run a-ny more, But falls as he reach-es Miss

Da - vis - 's door, And screams when they rush out, a -

Da - vis - 's door, And screams when they rush out, a -

Da - vis - 's door, And screams when they rush out, a -

Da - vis - 's door, And screams when they rush out, a -

Slower and deliberately. (♩.72.)

TENOR SOLO.

with great horror and on the breath

"Oh! Look at the Clock! Do - Look at the Clock!"

-larm'd at his knock.

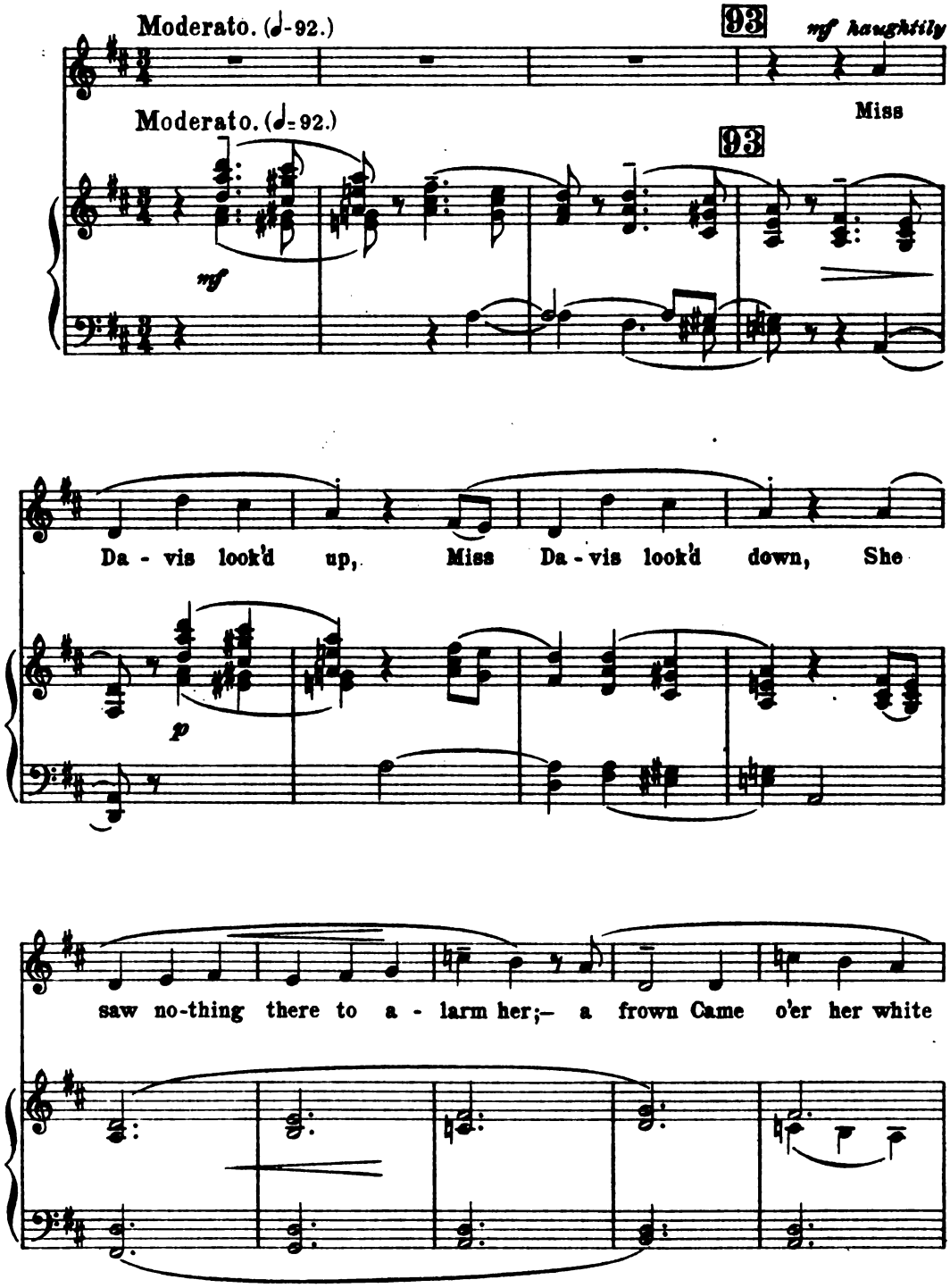
-larm'd at his knock.

-larm'd at his knock.

-larm'd at his knock.

Slower and deliberately. (♩.72)

No 7. SOLO. (Contralto.)



94 *In a conversational and angry manner.*

fore-head, She said, "it was hor-rid A man should come

94

p

knocking at that time of night, And give her Mamma ___ and her-self such a fright;-

mf *with extreme sarcasm.*

To squall and to bawl About no-thing at all!" She begg'd "he'd not think of re-

95

-peat-ing his call: His late wife's dis-as-ter By no means had past her;"

95

She'd "have him to know she was meant for his Mas - ter!"

96

Then re - gard - less a - like of his

96

p *with quiet indifference*

love and his woes, She turn'd on her heel and she turn'd up her

p

97

nose.

97

p

attacca subito

No. 8. SOLO. (Tenor.)

Moderato con moto. (♩=108.)

mf

Poor

Moderato con moto. (♩=108.)

mf

98

in an appealing manner.

with terror

Da - vid in vain Im - plored to re-main; He "dared not," he said,

98

mp

"cross the moun-tain a-gain."

99

99

mf tranquillo

Why the fair was ob - dur-ate None knows, to be sure it Was

p (in a confiding manner)

said she was set - ting her cap at the Cu - rate.

p

100

mf

Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole Pryce

100

found to creep in - to that night was the Coal - hole!

101 *Very miserably.*

mp

In_ that

101

p

shady re-treat With no-thing to eat, And with ve-ry bruised limbs, and with

ve-ry sore feet, All night close he kept; I can't say he slept: But he

with pathos

sigh'd, and he sobb'd, and he groan'd, and he wept, La-menting his sins, And his

two brok - en shins, Be - wail - ing his fate with con -

-tor - tions and grins, And her he once thought a com -

102

ff *p* *poco rit.*

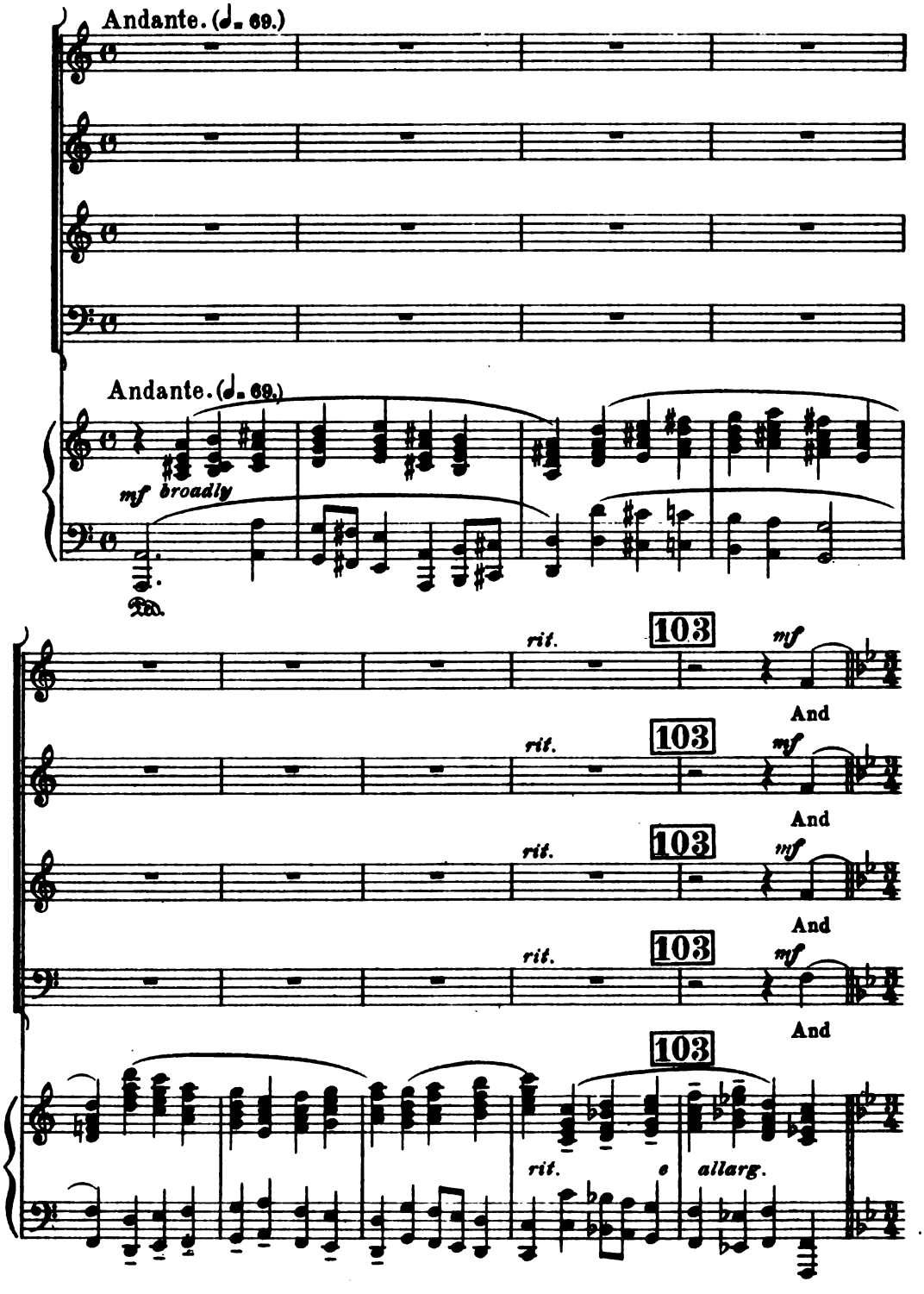
-plete *Ra - ra A - vis,* Con - sign - ing to Sa - tan,- viz., cru - el Miss

102

f *p poco rit.*

Da - vis!

No 9. FINALE: CHORUS (and Tenor Solo).



Con moto. (♩= 104.)

"still on_ each eve - ning when plea-sure fills up," At the

"still on each eve - ning when plea-sure fills up," At the

"still on_ each eve - ning when plea-sure fills up,"_ At the

"still on each ev - ning when plea-sure fills up,"_ At the

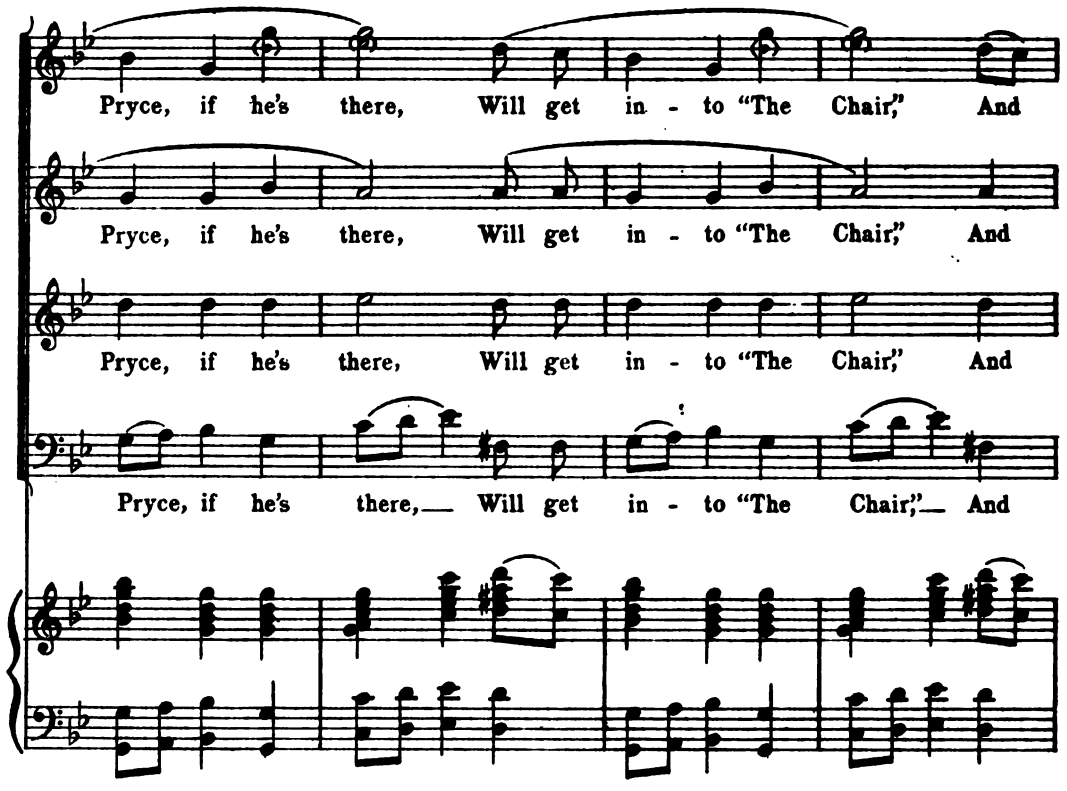
Con moto. (♩= 104.)

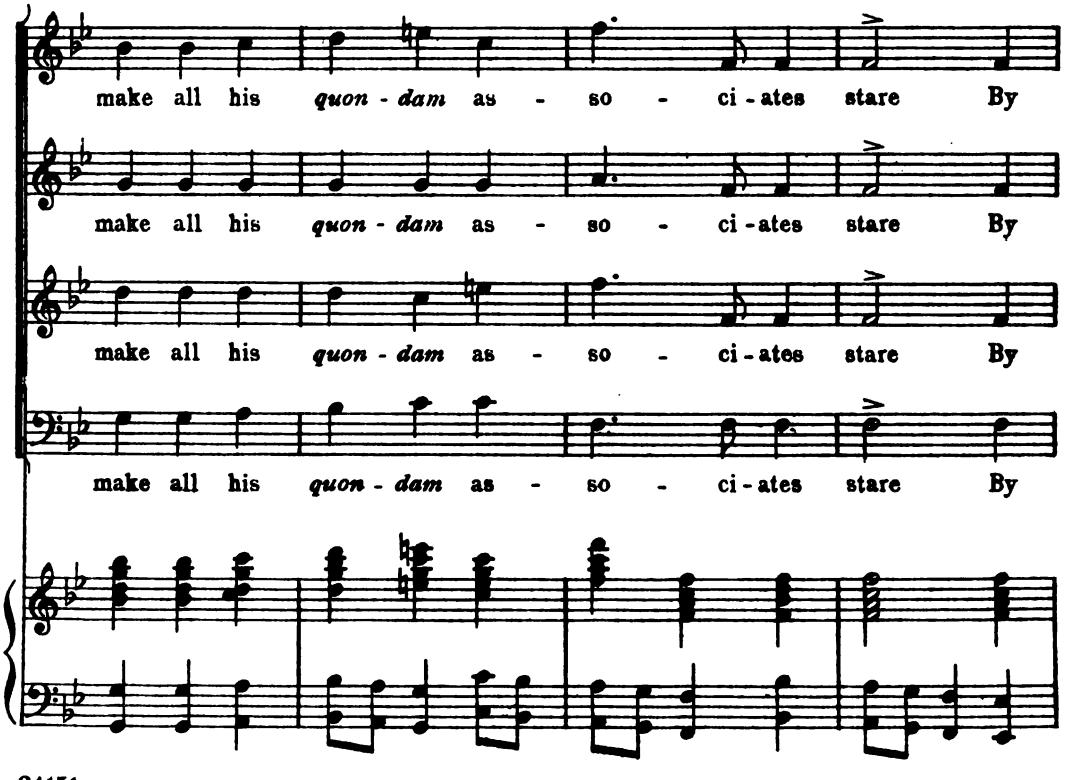
old Goat - in - Boots, with Meth - eg - lin, each cup, Mis - ter

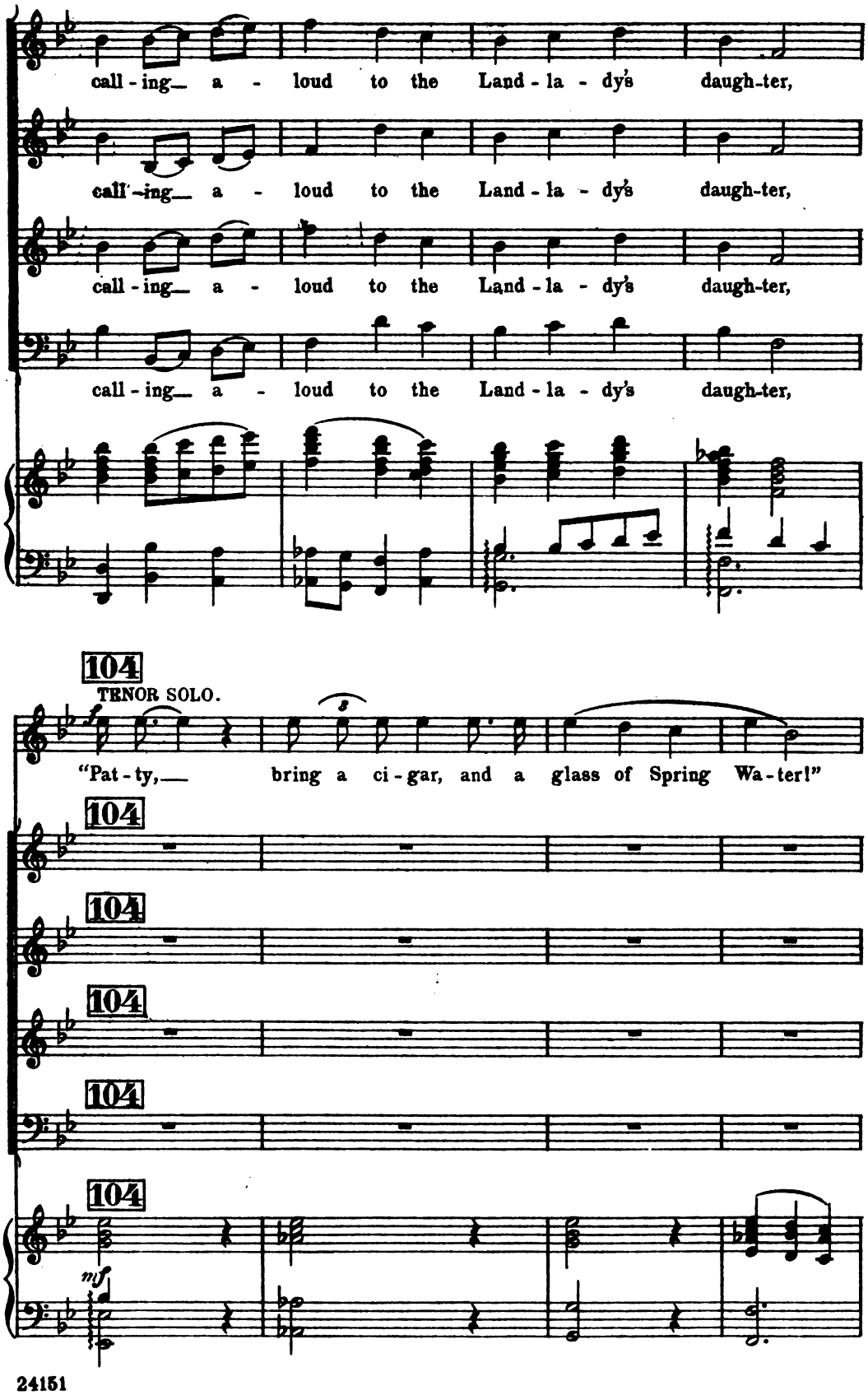
old Goat - in - Boots, with Meth - eg - lin, each cup, Mis - ter

old Goat - in - Boots, with Meth - eg - lin, each cup,_ Mis - ter

old Goat - in - Boots, with Meth - eg - lin, each cup, Mis - ter


Pryce, if he's there, Will get in - to "The Chair," And
Pryce, if he's there, Will get in - to "The Chair," And
Pryce, if he's there, Will get in - to "The Chair," And
Pryce, if he's there, Will get in - to "The Chair," And


make all his *quon - dam* as - so - ci - ates stare By
make all his *quon - dam* as - so - ci - ates stare By
make all his *quon - dam* as - so - ci - ates stare By
make all his *quon - dam* as - so - ci - ates stare By


call - ing a - loud to the Land - la - dy's daugh-ter,
call - ing a - loud to the Land - la - dy's daugh-ter,
call - ing a - loud to the Land - la - dy's daugh-ter,
call - ing a - loud to the Land - la - dy's daugh-ter,
104
TENOR SOLO.
f
s
"Pat - ty, bring a ci - gar, and a glass of Spring Wa - ter!"
104
104
104
104
104
mf

105

mf

The dial he con-stant-ly watches; and

105

mf

The dial he con-stant-ly watches; and

105

mf

The dial he con-stant-ly watches; and

105

mf

The dial he con-stant-ly watches; and

105

cresc. poco

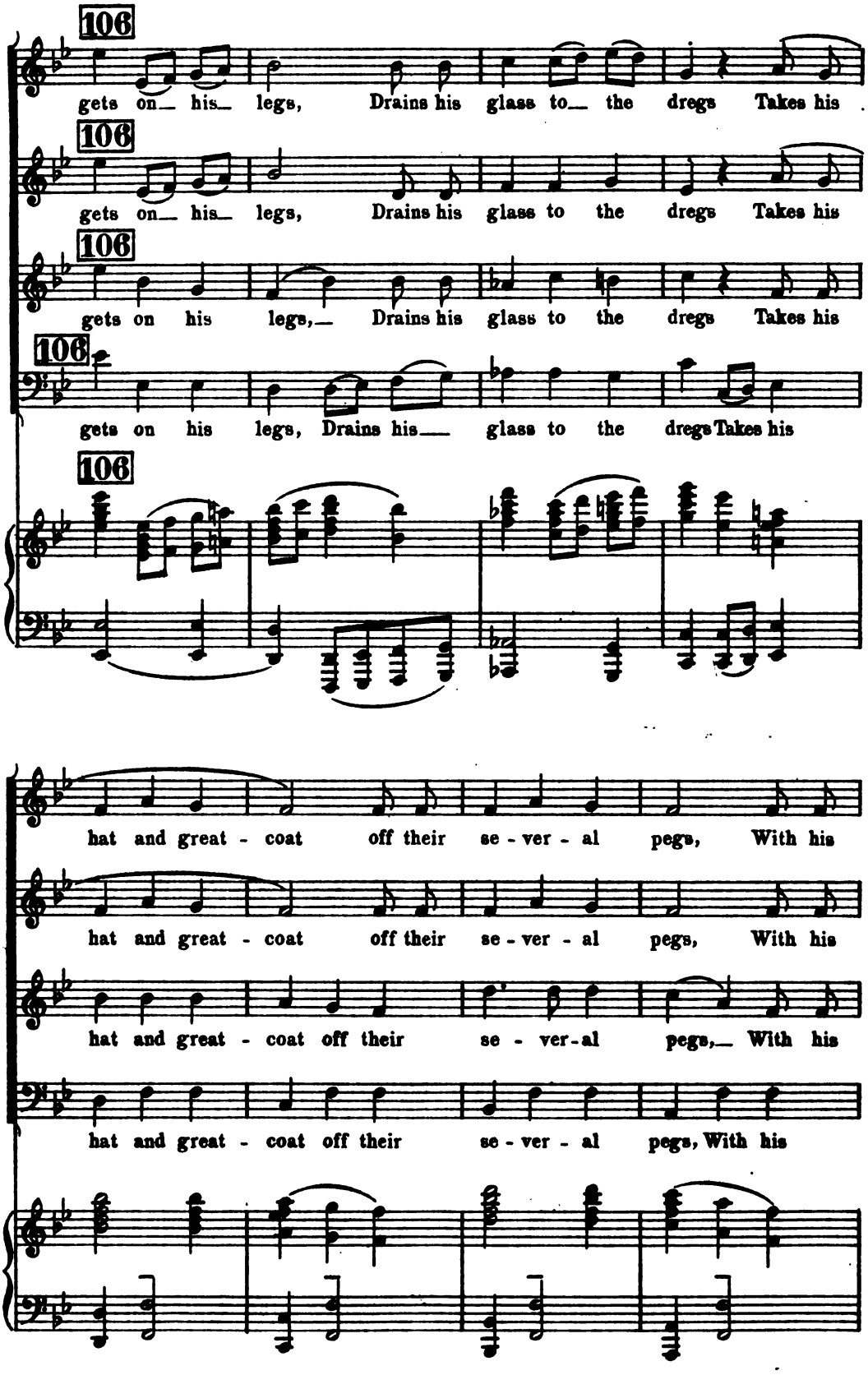
mf

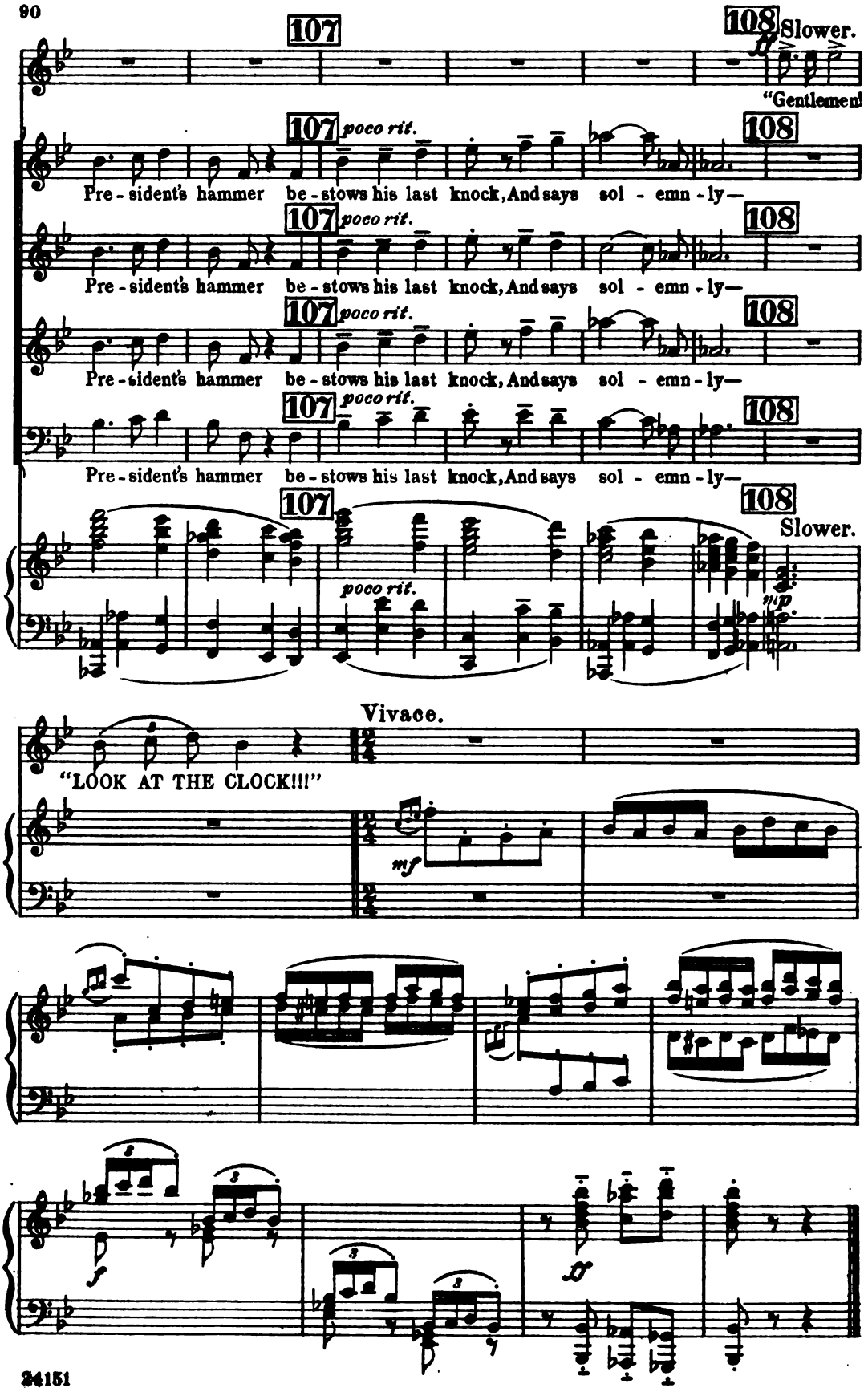
when The long hand's at the "XII.", He

when The long hand's at the "XII.", He

when and the short at the "X.", He

when and the short at the "X.", He


106
gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs Takes his
106
gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs Takes his
106
gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs Takes his
106
gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs Takes his
106
hat and great - coat off their se - ver - al pegs, With his
hat and great - coat off their se - ver - al pegs, With his
hat and great - coat off their se - ver - al pegs, With his
hat and great - coat off their se - ver - al pegs, With his


107
108
Slower.
ff
"Gentlemen!
poco rit.
Pre - sident's hammer be - stows his last knock, And says sol - emn - ly—
Slower.
mp
Vivace.
"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"
mf
f

NEW AND POPULAR
COMPOSITIONS
BY
HUBERT BATH.

VOCAL.

BELLS OF YOUTH (THE) (In E flat, F, and G).
BUGLES OF DREAMLAND (THE).
CAPTAIN'S YARN (THE) (In B flat, C, and D).
CRY OF SPRING (THE) (In E flat, F, and G).
EILY.
EVÖE (In G and B flat).
HUSHING SONG (In E flat, F, and A flat).
IT IS THE TIME OF DAFFODILS (In B flat and C).
IT WAS A GOLFER AND HIS LASS.
I WILL AWAKE (In B flat and C).
LITTLE GIRL'S SONG (A) (In B flat, C, and E flat).
LOVE IN A COTTAGE (In G, B flat, and C).
MY SWEET (In A flat, B flat, and C).
ONE TENDER LOOK (In D, F, and A flat.)
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"You brought me love"
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"One tender look"
"I will awake"
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"Song of the Sea-Kings"
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"The early morning"
"The little waves of Breffny"
"My bed is a boat"
"Young night thought"
"Where go the boats?"
"Pirate Story"

HAYDN WOOD—
"On a spring morning"

CHARLES BRAUN—
"Take, sweet maid"
"My love's like a shower"

ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE—
"From out the mist"
"In the purple glow"
"In the Summer Evening"
"Dearest, I made these songs for you"
"O, my garden, full of roses"

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"Sweet Afton"
"I know a glade of daffodils"
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